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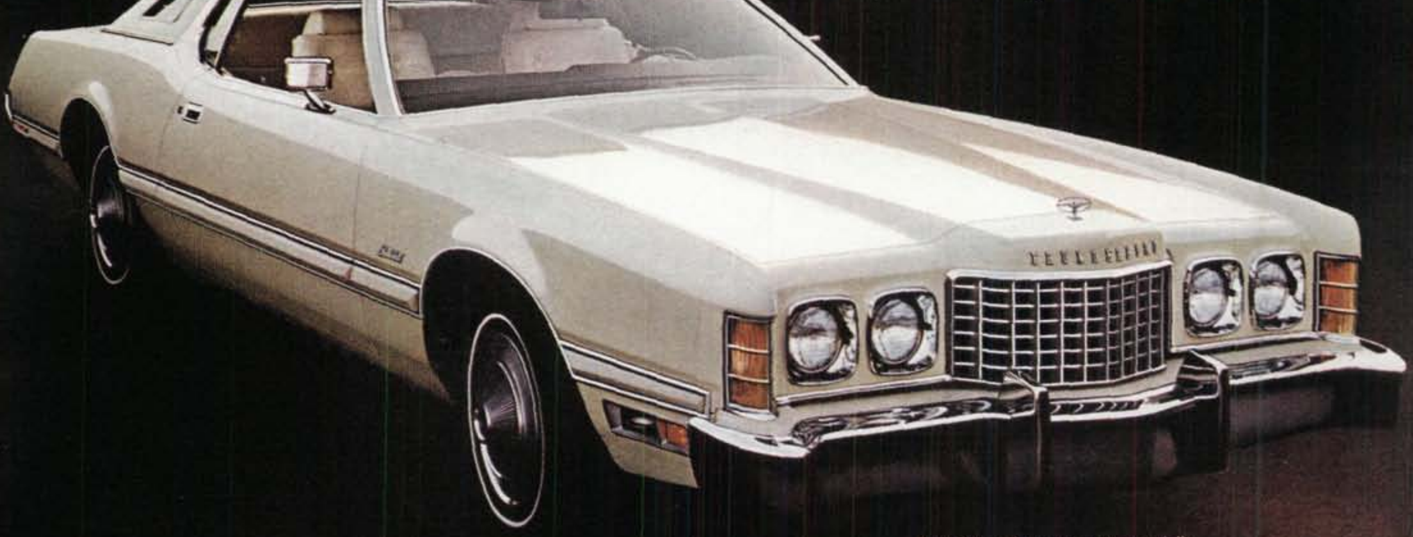

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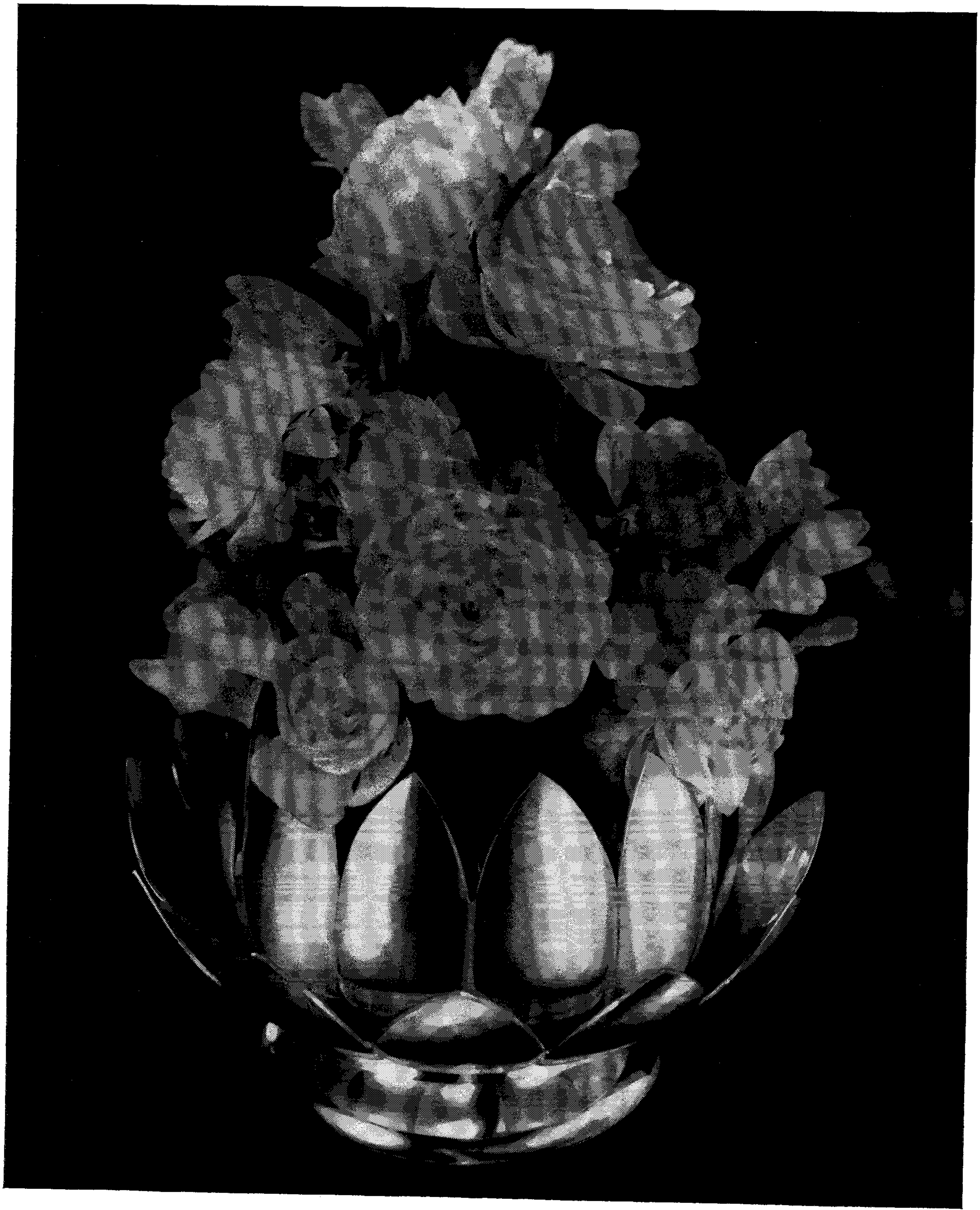

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Simon Gray's study of a brilliant professor in a state of intellectual and emotional disarray. An extraordinary performance by Alan Bates. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Children—This mysterious, blurry little play is almost all fantasy. It is about the son, the lover, the daughter, and the husband of a dying woman, none of whom is especially good company. With Bob Balaban, George Welbes, Fern Sloan, and Kevin McCarthy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Grand Music Hall of Israel—A company of thirty-six in a revue, with Shoshana Damari and Myron Cohen. Opens Thursday, Jan. 4, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

The Great God Brown and **Don Juan**—A seven-week engagement of the two plays, presented more or less in alternation by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. John McMartin in Eugene O'Neill's **THE GREAT GOD BROWN**, directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Paul Hecht in Molière's **DON JUAN**, adapted and directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 4-5, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last of Mrs. Lincoln—Julie Harris gives a first-rate performance in a rather slick play about the constant troubles of the Widow Lincoln. With David Rounds and Leora Dana. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Look Away—Geraldine Page and Maya Angelou in a play by Jerome Kilty, taken from the book "Mary Todd Lincoln: Her Life and Letters," by Justin G. and Linda Levitt Turner. Rip Torn directed. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 6. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 7. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea—Irene Papas in the Euripides play, adapted and directed by Minos Volanakis. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 3, and will run through Sunday, April 1. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 10, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—A musical version of the staunch old comedy, teased into freshness by the director, A. J. Antoon, and a marvellous cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mystery Play—A farce by Jean-Claude van Itallie, directed by Jacques Levy. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Orrin and **Love Gotta Come by Saturday Night**—The first play of this double bill is by Don Evans, directed by Earle Hyman, and the second by Ronnie Paris, directed by Donald Buka. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Jan. 8, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 2.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Purlie—Robert Guillaume and Patti Jo in a five-week return engagement of the musical

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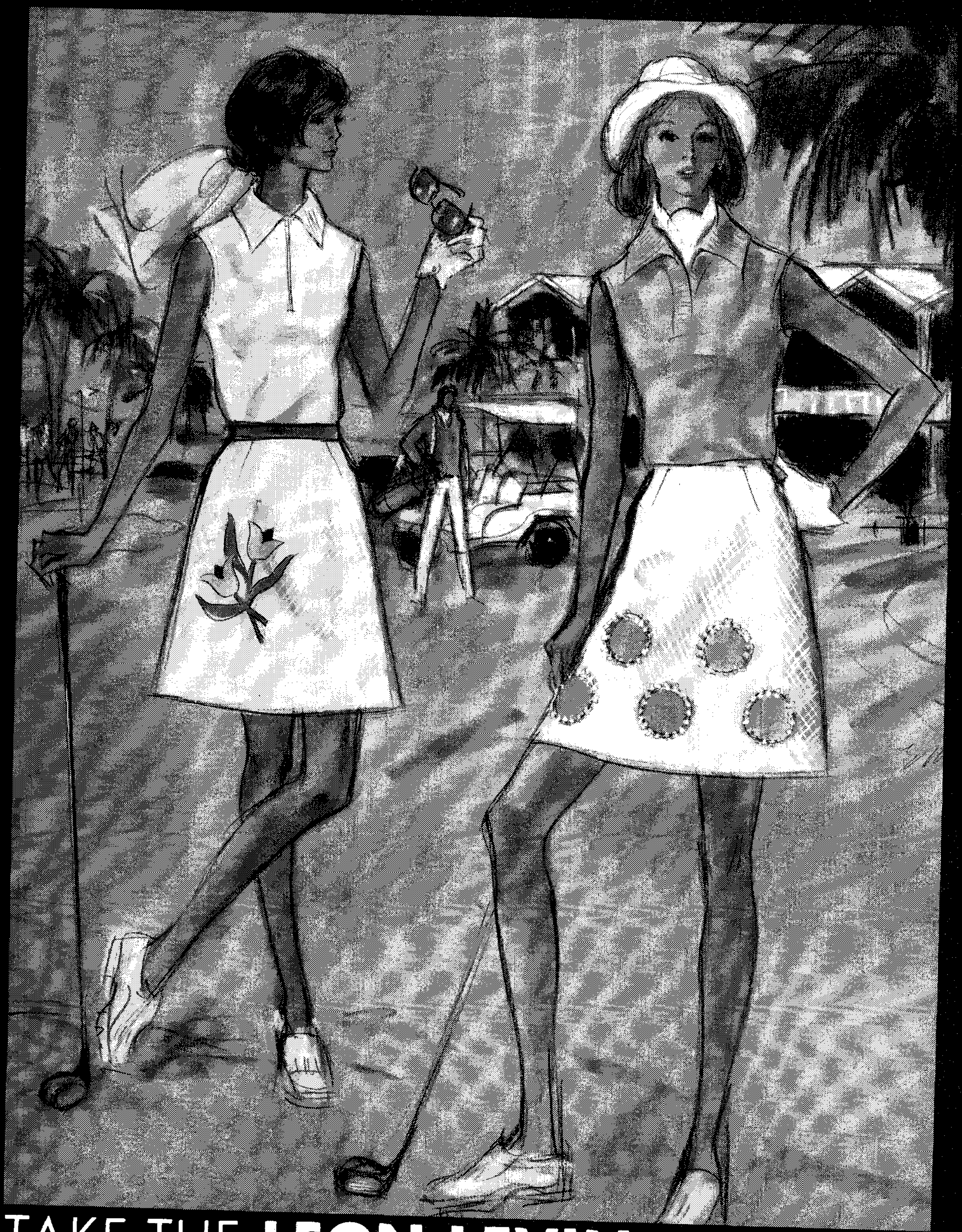

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

taken from Ossie Davis's "Purlie Victorious." The music is by Gary Geld, the lyrics by Peter Udell, and the book by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose (who also directed), and Mr. Udell. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RAINBOW—A dreadful, fatuous musical (but with a rather pleasant score) by James Rado. The hero is an American soldier dead in Vietnam, and he is supported by, among others, a sissy, mincing Jesus who drifts around the stage in a diaper. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 674-2010. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and **AFTER MAGRITTE**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE REBBITZEN FROM ISRAEL—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**, with Jack MacGowran and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 3. Opens Thursday, Jan. 4, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

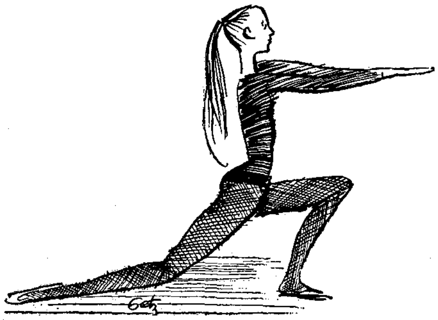
6 RMS RIV VU—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SUGAR—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE TRIALS OF OZ—This play was not so much written as assembled by Geoff Robertson. Based upon a trial for obscenity that took place in London in 1971, its components include excerpts from testimony, projections of indecent cartoons, and rock songs by various hands. The result is an intermittently entertaining, though cluttered, evening. The acting, with a few exceptions, is only so-so. Mark Ravitz' setting of the Old Bailey, as lighted by Jules Fisher, is wonderful. (Anderson, Second Ave. at 4th St. 674-4340. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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TRICKS—A musical with a book based by Jon Jory on Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Jerry Blatt composed the score, Lonnie Burstein did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by René Auberjonois. Directed by Mr. Jory. Previews Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 4-7. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 8. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WEDDING BAND—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

YOSHE KALB—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 4-5, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2:30 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

LONG RUNS—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,278 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 11, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 3-5, at 6; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2 and 6.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Watermill" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Scherzo à La Russe," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 28—Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30: "Les Patineurs," "Grand Pas Classique," "Sea-Change" (première), and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Variations for Four," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Les Patineurs." ... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Sea-Change" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Paquita" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Paquita," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Flames of Paris," and "Graduation Ball." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—Final performances of the engagement by this company of fifty, including a thirty-member gamelan orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 6-7, at 2 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

SHENYANG ACROBATIC TROUPE OF CHINA—Forty acrobats and magicians, plus a twelve-piece Chinese stringed orchestra. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 3-5, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 10 A.M.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley, Freddie Trenkler, Anna Galmarini, and Sashi Kuchiki. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 9, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 21. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

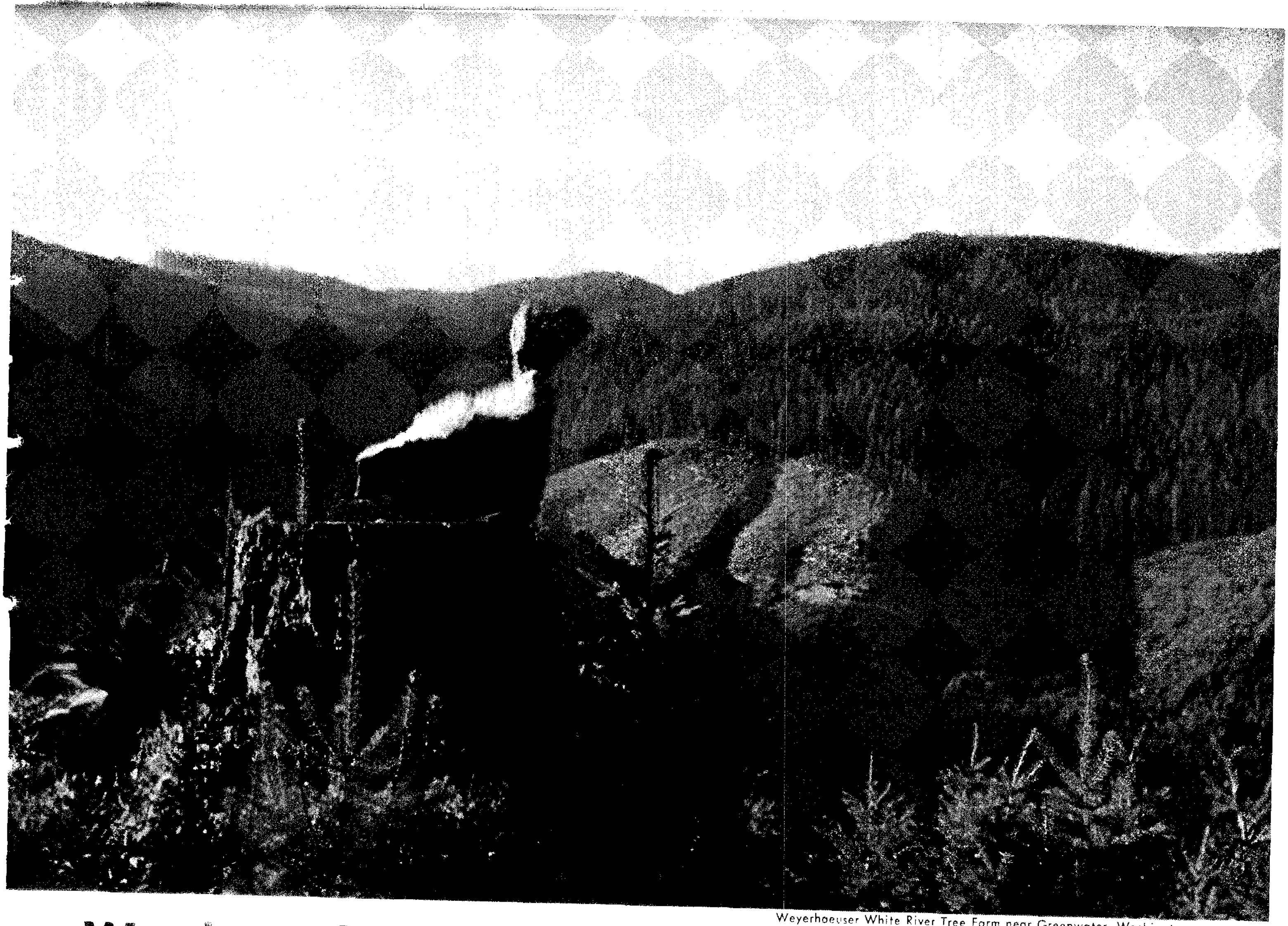
(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The



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Persuasions, an a-cappella group, will be on the stand through Monday, Jan. 8. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Wednesday, Jan. 3, pianist Andy Bey will play with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 4-7, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio. Pianist Junior Mance brings in his threesome on Thursday, Jan. 11. Music from nine to two. A soul-music session is held each Monday from eight until two.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Pianist Richie Beirach will work with bassist Frank Tusa through Saturday, Jan. 6. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Madrigal and fugue, fantasy and fun put their heads together when Marian McPartland sits down at her piano. She and her two sidemen play from nine-forty-five until one-forty-five, every night but Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson has returned to the Steinway and is showing his time-tested mettle in company with bassist Al Bruno. On Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Through Saturday, Jan. 6, an outfit known as Samantha will perform. Folk singer B. W. Stevenson will come in on Tuesday, Jan. 9. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Sundays, from four until late, Mr. Larkins and others do some jamming. On Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Through Saturday, Jan. 6, guitarist Sam Brown and a bassist will play opposite a jazz-and-classics guitarist named David Qualey. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 9, guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Tommy Bryant will alternate with Mr. Qualey. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Through Sunday, Jan. 7, singer Arthur Prysock and the Red Prysock trio will be on the bill, along with an organ-and-drums singing duo called Trudy Pitts and Mr. C. Beginning Monday, Jan. 8, the James Moody quartet will alternate with singer Dakota Staton and the Duke Pearson trio.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the musical emphasis is on vocalists. Irish singer Liam Clancy will perform through Sunday, Jan. 7. Singer Oliver will be here Sunday through Wednesday, Jan. 7-10. Snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the BLUE ROOM CABARET, on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ In the OSCAR WILDE ROOM, on the same floor, an assortment of bands play with great amplification at ten and midnight. When the music lends itself, people dance.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from nine until one, Stan Freeman is at the piano. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Saturdays. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The *sometime home of the* Half Note, which moved to midtown a few weeks ago. The room is dark and the streets are deserted, but the interior sights and sounds are approximately what they always were. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz will be in charge of a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 7. The Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble will start Tuesday, Jan. 9. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

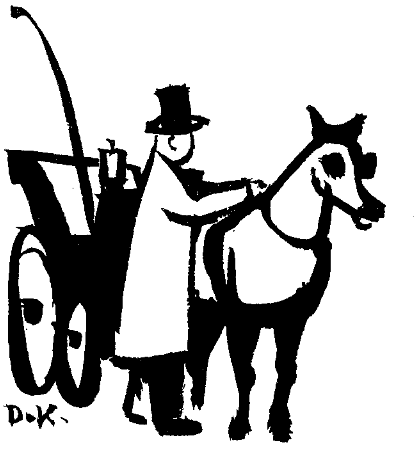
Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Formerly farther east, this bar-and-restaurant has moved to the West Village, where it looks entirely at home. Bassist Earl May will be leading a trio Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 4-6, from eight until two. A comprehensive soul-food menu.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and singer Marlene VerPlanck entertain from nine-thirty to two in this new upstairs jazz club. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups perform on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. The piano, sad to say, does not come up to the quality of most of those who play it. Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 5-6 and 12-13, flutist and saxophonist Richard Clay will present his quartet. Snacks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—This establishment, formerly known as the Five Spot, is back in operation as a jazz club. Music by vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, guitarist Joe Puma, and bassist Midge Pike from ten to two. Italian food. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who is apt to get fancy, heads his trio as far as Sunday, Jan. 7. Wednesdays, Jan. 3 and 10, a threesome led by harpist Daphne Hellman will also appear. On other evenings, pianist David Lam starts the evening at about nine-thirty, and goes on to play between sets by the other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Elvin Jones, a formidable (and *formidable*) drummer, is directing his quartet in this venerable if poorly ventilated jazz cellar. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 3-4.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Fridays through Sundays. Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright play Mondays through Thursdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 3-4.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Comic Morty Storm and singer Frankie 13 are currently in residence. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection at nine and eleven, every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

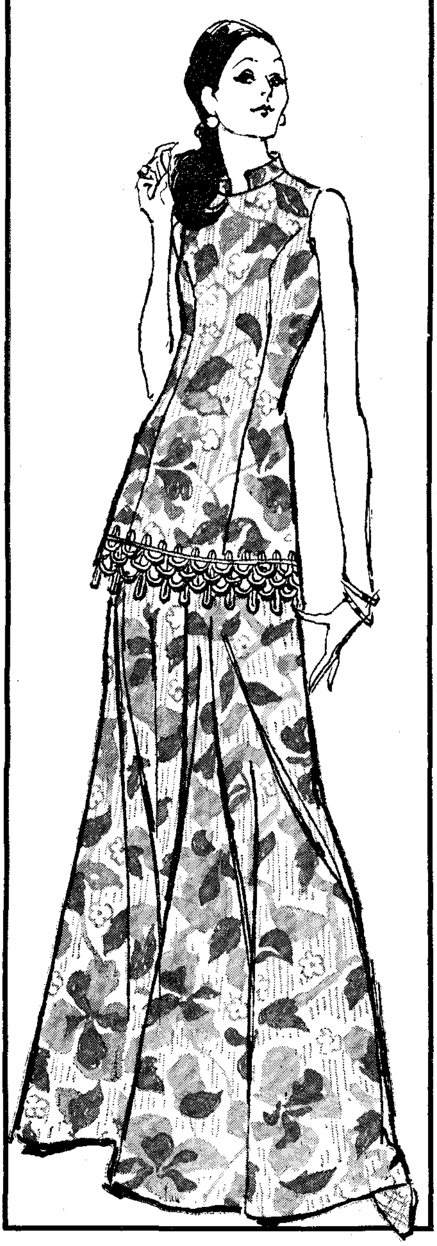
Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, Cuban singers Luisa Maria and Rolando Laserie do their song recitals, while a vigorous ballet is enacted by the team of Augie & Margo. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the FLAMENCO ROOM, there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Comedienne-singer Moms Mabley and comic George Kirby will check out on Wednesday, Jan. 3. Next evening, rhythm-and-blues singer Jerry Butler will bring in his revue. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In LA FORÊT, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Mark Monte band and the Teddy Diamond trio provide the dance music during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven: Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Through Saturday, Jan. 6, Phil Wayne will be in the CAFÉ with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad will be on duty Sunday through Saturday, Jan. 7-13.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The PERSIAN ROOM returns to life on Tuesday, Jan. 9, with the installation of singers Daniel & Dimitri at dinner and supper. The Dick Lewis band and Barry Levitt's orchestra will play for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one, and Fridays and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays from eight to two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every night but Sunday, from five to ten, the **GREEN TULIP** is patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Don Stewart and comedian Dick Brooks are being displayed during dinner and supper in this well-appointed mountain fastness. The dance tunes, which begin at seven, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): This bit of Colonial Americana has gone Gaelic, with Arnold Elder and Brendan Sheridan singing ballads Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn joining the proceedings Tuesdays through Thursdays. The dinners are Hibernian, too. Silent Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings (troubadours should have been so gifted) and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Altoon (1925-69)—Drawings in several mediums of erotic subjects handled with fantasy and fun; through Thursday, Jan. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Colors on a grid; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Bell—New sculptures by a West Coast artist known for his geometrical structures in transparent plastic; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sydney Butchkes—Shaped canvases; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Heads and eggs painted close up; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chang Dai-chien—Thirty representative works by a leading painter of the Republic of China; through Sunday, Jan. 7. (Chinese Information Service, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

José de Creeft—Figurative sculptures in stone and polished brass; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract bronzes and related drawings; through Feb. 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard DeLonga—Sculptures and paintings of castles, cathedrals, and armored figures; through Jan. 27. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hank De Ricco—Paintings, banners, scrolls, and screens in various mediums—bark, leather, ribbon, braided cord—that reflect a fusion of Oriental and American Indian motifs; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors by the pioneer American abstractionist; through Jan. 10. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Edward Dugmore—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; starting Friday, Jan. 5. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Portraits and figure paintings, also still-lifes in watercolor, by a New Realist; through Jan. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstractions with luminous bronze metallic surfaces; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Grass—Paintings on three-dimensional geometrical forms; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Yu, 81 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Ten large paintings from the late fifties; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Jagger—Works showing the imprints in plaster and paint of figures in motion; through Jan. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Collages representing the history of the Parsons Gallery; starting Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Marty Kalb—Areas of flat color occasionally suggestive of landscape; starting Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Kawashima—Abstract stone sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Two large cutout figures in aluminum, also smaller constructions of blue canvas on armatures; through Jan. 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Posters and prints from the twenties and thirties by a socially conscious Expressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Irene Krugman—Evocative wrigglings of animated plastic sheets; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Loew—The first show since 1965 of a veteran New York painter of color abstractions; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Lozowick—Oils and lithographs by an artist known for his social-realist prints; through Jan. 27. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

August F. Lundberg (1878-1928)—Landscapes, figure paintings, and nudes; starting Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Clyde Lynds—Free-standing constructions with moving patterns of light and color, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics;" starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Marzollo—Sculptures in glass boxes, with subtly changing colors; through Wednesday, Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Munson—Drawings from nature in colored pencil; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Paternosto—All-white paintings with bars of color along the sides, by an Argentinian; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matt Phillips—Abstract figures and landscapes; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Scott—Abstract and figure paintings by a well-known artist of the British Isles; through Feb. 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edvins Strautmanis / Abdul Mati Klarwein—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Figurative paintings. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Starts Saturday, Jan. 6. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Marjorie Strider—Paintings and sculptures of commonplace objects which make use of plastic foam; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings based on the motif of the ellipse; through Jan. 20. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings that consist of spatterings of high-keyed pigments on a one-color ground; starting Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints emphasizing New York scenes by an early American modernist; starting Tuesday, Jan. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Wesley—More paintings of everyday objects, with a comic-book slant; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Wolfe—Steel sculptures; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, from the third century B.C. to the present, on the subject of the male; starting Thursday, Jan. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: American nineteenth-century still-lifes; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes, individual and group portraits, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Ceiling pieces in acrylic-on-canvas strips by Perry Gunther, others in muslin stuffed with shredded foam by Ida Horowitz, and still others in aluminum, nylon, and rope by Mildred Stanley; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; starting Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Jan. 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs by seven artists; through Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Realistic figure and landscape paintings by Vincent Arcilesi; stained, poured, and sprayed paintings by Edgar Buonagurio; and shaped canvases and hard-edge paintings on Plexiglas by Helen Soreff. Starts Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit of highlights of the career of Marcel Breuer, including photomurals, models and plans of buildings, furniture, tapestries, and full-scale mockups of elements of projects (the columns of the I.B.M. Research Center in France and the tree columns from the library at St. John's Abbey and Univer-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sity, in Minnesota); through Jan. 14.... ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28.... ¶ Twenty-six nineteenth-century American landscape paintings from the Museum's collection; starting Tuesday, Jan. 9. ... ¶ As for that bronze horse, the *very* latest suggestion is that it was a door prize at a 4-H Club Washington's Birthday dance in Persepolis in 436 A.D. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. ... ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Sunday, Jan. 7.... ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25.... ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21.... ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27.... ¶ A hundred and fifty paintings done between 1947 and the present, constituting a retrospective of the work of Sam Francis, an early Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4.... ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through March 11.... ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Jan. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and sculptures representing various types of current realism in the United States; through Sunday, Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

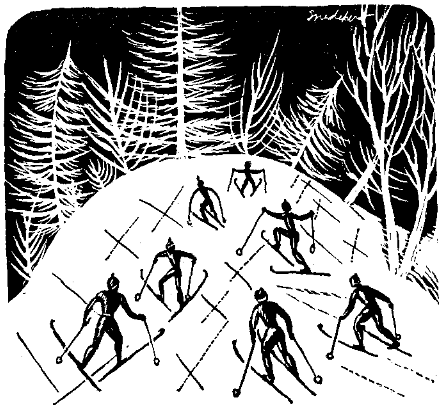
New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 3: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and William Walker; conducted by Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 4: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Irene Dalis, Franco Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill; Peter Herman Adler.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 5: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 6: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Atsuko Azuma, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 9: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Merrill; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 10: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Colette Boky, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, and Fernando Corena; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 11: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 12: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and William Walker; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 13: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Merrill; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. ... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 13: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Matteo Manuguerra; Peter Herman Adler. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)



ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 5, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 12, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30 (all with Reri Grist, soprano; Anna Reynolds, mezzo-soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto; Jerry Jennings, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Michael Devlin, bass; and the Camerata Singers).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Claudio Abbado directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 2, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Birgit Finnila, contralto; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:15.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with David Bar-Illan, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Handel program, with Leonard Raver, organ, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; William Masselos, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.... ¶ Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8, the third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Chopin recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2:15.)

Richard Tucker and Robert Merrill—Tenor and baritone, in a program of opera arias and duets. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Paul Dunkel—In the first in a series of three recitals of new flute music, with Ursulla Oppens, piano; Eugene Drucker, violin; John Graham, viola; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Yuko Washio—Violin. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in a program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French music, with Daniel Waitzman, flute, and Fortunato Arico, viola da gamba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Rey de la Torre—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the third in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Jan. 12. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

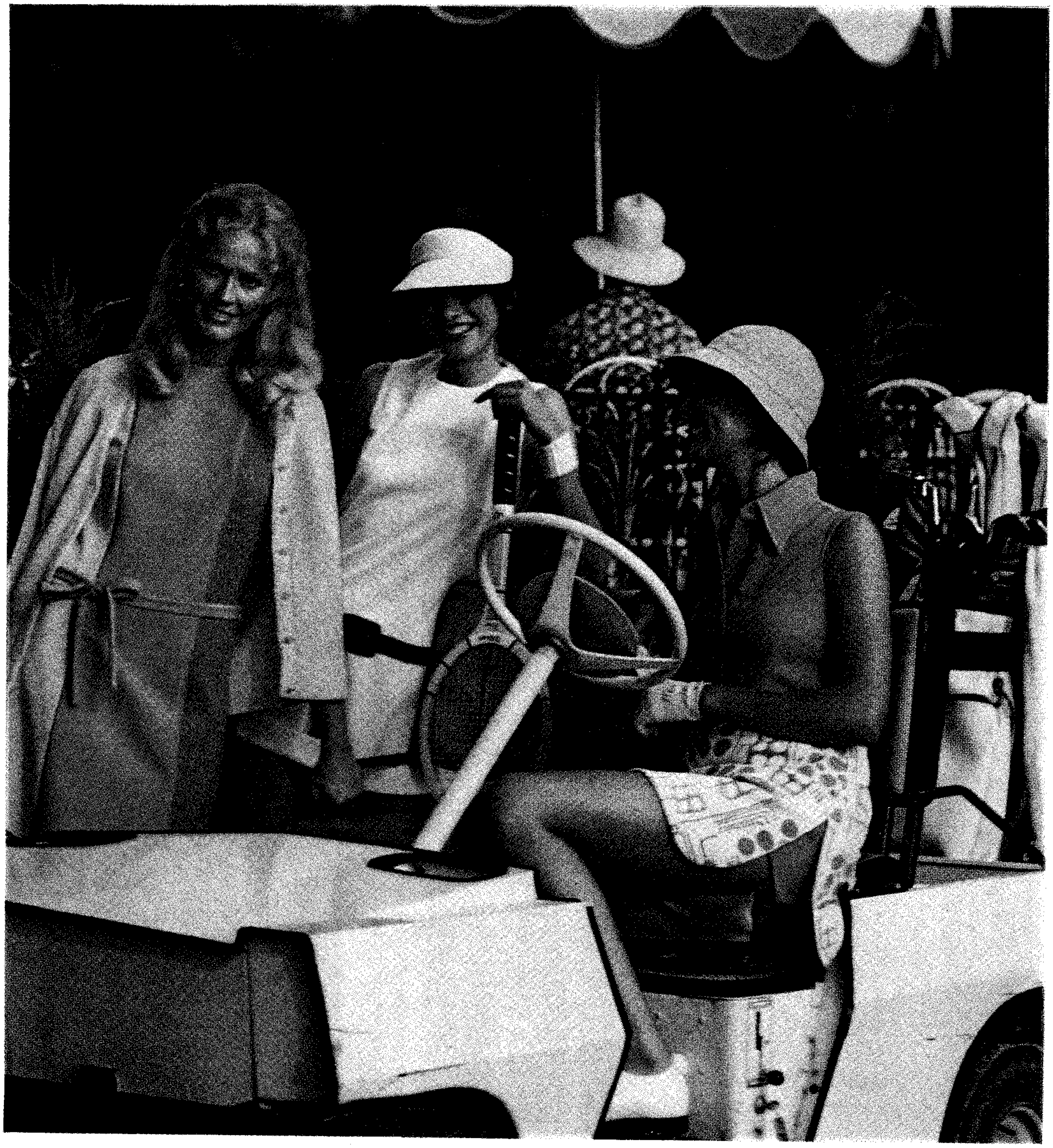
Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK / ETC.

Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, and Mose Allison—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8.

Eric Andersen—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.

Interlude Concerts—The first offering in a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by JOHNNY MERCER on Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 5:45.

Hubert Laws and His Afro-Classic Ensemble (with Ron Carter) and the Randy Weston Quintet—Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:05. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.

Boxing—Jerry Quarry vs. Randy Neumann, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 5. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Ottawa, Thursday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, Jan. 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Quebec, Monday, Jan. 8, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:05.

Racing—At LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 13.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, Jan. 3, through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 6-7, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Jan. 13, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. The opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . OPERAS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: "The Barber of Seville," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 870-5512. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS: "A Folktale Hour for Children." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"As Sixth Graders See American History," a showing of twenty-five paintings, selected from entries submitted by schools throughout the country; through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Movies—"The Eagle and the Hawk," narrated by Joanne Woodward, and "Aesop's Fables," with Bill Cosby. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2:30.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Leon Edel, James Laughlin, Robert Lowell, Robert MacGregor, and Robert Fitzgerald reading from the works of Ezra Pound. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 11, at 2: Nineteenth-century works of art, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 2: Chinese jades and other hard-stone carvings, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 5.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Sparrows Can't Sing" (1963), directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Crime and Punishment" (1970), in Russian, directed by Lev Kulijanov. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "Don't Grieve!" (1970), in Russian, directed by Georgi Danelia; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30 and Jan. 6 at noon: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 3: "Adam and Heva" (1970), in Russian, directed by Alexei Korenev. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30 (tentative): "Nest of Gentry" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 12:30 and 3. "Through Fire and Water" (1967), in Russian, directed by Alexander Rau. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 5:30 and Jan. 8 at 2: "Listopad" (1968), in Russian, directed by Otar Yoseliany; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5:30: "Jamilya" (1971), in Russian, directed by Irina Poplavskaya. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970), directed by Otto Preminger, with Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 5:30: A program of films by Les Blank. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30 (tentative): "Nest of Gentry" (1969). . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "The Seagull" (1970), in Russian, directed by Yuli Karasik. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 3 at 4 and 6 and Jan. 4 at 4: "Christmas in Connecticut" (1945), directed by Peter Godfrey, with Dennis Morgan and Barbara Stanwyck. . . . ¶ Jan. 5-7 at 5:30: "Since You Went Away" (1944), directed by John Cromwell, with Claudette Colbert and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Jan. 10-11 at 4 and 6: "Eve and the Handyman," a Russ Meyer film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, Cornell, Flaherty, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Jan. 4 and 10) at 10. No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Jan. 3: "Visual Alchemy," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 4-10: "American Dreams and Nightmares," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 11: "Imagine," with John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Greaser's Palace."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 6: "Panama Hattie" and "Silk Stockings."
Jan. 7-9: "Blondie of the Follies" and "Operator 13."
From Jan. 10: "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Madame Satan."
St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 9: "Baby Doll," "East of Eden," and "A Face in the Crowd."
From Jan. 10: To be announced.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Sounder."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 9: "The Ruling Class."
From Jan. 10: "Gone with the Wind."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Getaway."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Avanti!"
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Child's Play."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Last House on the Left."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Hit Man."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Images."
Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Jeremiah Johnson."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 9 (tentative): "The Biscuit Eater" and "The Sword in the Stone."
From Jan. 10: "The Emigrants."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Across 110th Street."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Avanti!"
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fiddler on the Roof."
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Getaway."
Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Last House on the Left."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Hit Man."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Fiddler on the Roof."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Separate Peace."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Deliverance."
Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 9: "Death in Venice," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Murmur of the Heart," "Sunday Bloody Sunday," "Lady Sings the Blues," "Heat," and "Is There Sex After Death?"
From Jan. 10: To be announced.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 4: "Beauty and the Beast" and "King Kong."
Jan. 5-9: "Jules and Jim" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Jan. 10-11: "Ugetsu" and "Gate of Hell."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 9: "Black Girl" and "Le Boucher."
From Jan. 10: "Blacula" and "Doctor Phibes Rises Again."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Snoopy, Come Home."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fellini's Roma."
Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Deliverance."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fiddler on the Roof."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Prince Igor."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 9: "The Ruling Class."
From Jan. 10: "The Emigrants."
Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 9: "Black Girl" and "Puppet on a Chain."
From Jan. 10: "Blacula" and "Doctor Phibes Rises Again."
Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Deliverance."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 4: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" and "The Clowns."
From Jan. 5: "The Spider's Stratagem."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 9: "The Mechanic" and "Fuzz."
From Jan. 10: "Le Boucher" and "Murmur of the Heart."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 4: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Klute."
Jan. 5-8: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Long Ago, Tomorrow."
Jan. 9-11: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "Plaza Suite."
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Across 110th Street."
Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Sounder."
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 6: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
Jan. 7-9: To be announced.
From Jan. 10: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Gumshoe."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 2 and Riverside.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 9.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; through Jan. 4.)

The Biscuit Eater—From the Disney Studios, with Earl Holliman and Patricia Crowley. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Juliet 1; through Jan. 9, tentative.)

Black Girl—The ad, featuring a girl with a knife in her hand, is deceptive: this isn't another black exploitation film. Peggy Pettitt is the young girl, living in a matriarchal family, who tries to free herself from the patterns of ghetto apathy and become a dancer. The structure resembles the well-made second-rate serious play of thirty years ago, and the movie is faltering and clumsy, but it's an honest, straightforward attempt to express black experiences. The actors embody these experiences even when the theatrical mechanisms get in the way. Ossie Davis directed, from J. E. Franklin's adaptation of her own Off Broadway play. With the talented, queenly Louise Stubbs as the girl's mother; that powerhouse Claudia McNeil as the grandmother; Brock Peters; and, regrettably, the miscast Leslie Uggams. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Jan. 9.)

Blacula—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Jan. 10.)

Blondie of the Follies (1932)—With Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery, directed by Edmund Goulding. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 7-9.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. (In English at the R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ In French at the Symphony; starting Jan. 10.)

César and Rosalie—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Child's Play—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Fine Arts.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Olympia; starting Jan. 10.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds

that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Jan. 4.)

Cries and Whispers—The new film by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, and Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 9.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Doctor Phibes Rises Again—With Vincent Price, directed by Robert Fuest. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; starting Jan. 10.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 9.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindell play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Juliet 1 and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 10.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 9.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (New Yorker; through Jan. 4.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Olympia; through Jan. 6.)

Fuzz—Don't fog your mind with this. (Symphony; through Jan. 9.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 5-8.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin; Jan. 10-11.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. The audience hoots MacGraw's smirky-schoolgirl line readings and applauds when McQueen slaps her around. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Kips Bay; starting Jan. 10.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Art.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone, the foremost primitive at work in the musical form. (This is not a compliment.) (86th St. East. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Olympia; starting Jan. 10.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first, besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Heat—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. The best thing about it is the title. (Quad Cinema 4; through Jan. 9.)

Hit Man—With Bernie Casey and Pamela Grier, directed by George Armitage. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—Garbagey but vivid and effective. Susan Hayward acts up a storm as the singing actress Lillian Roth, drinking her way to shame. With Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, Jo Van Fleet. Daniel Mann directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 10.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) du-

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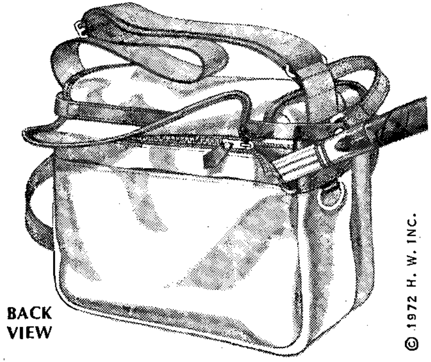

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but seductively shot and edited, and with some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

Is There Sex After Death? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema 4; through Jan. 9.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Loews Tower East.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 5-9.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin; through Jan. 4.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Thalia; through Jan. 4.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Quad Cinema 3; through Jan. 9.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz-comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Thalia; Jan. 9-11.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—With Paul Newman in the title role, directed by John Huston. (Murray Hill and Loews Ciné.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility, which proclaims Chaplin's artistry in the act of asserting another's, is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow (1971)—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Thalia; Jan. 5-8.)

Madame Satan (1930)—An incredible, irresistible hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, featuring an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir—a stunt that the movies have never repeated. There are lots of songs and dances, and even a ballet in the dirigible. Lillian Roth, buxom and dimpled before she boozed and repented and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is appealing and energetic as the wild showgirl Trixie. Kay Johnson plays the noble heroine. With Roland Young and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 10.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza / Dulcinea of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Sker-

ritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Olympia; through Jan. 6.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Thalia; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 9.)

The Mechanic—With Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; through Jan. 9.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Jan. 10.)

Operator 13 (1934)—With Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Pleasantly old-fashioned romantic spy nonsense. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 7-9.)

Panama Hattie (1942)—Lena Horne is ravishing and sings like a wicked angel. The Broadway musical (which had starred Ethel Merman) underwent the usual Hollywood bowdlerization; it still has some energy, but only a couple of the Cole Porter songs remain. Ann Sothern is in the Merman role, supported by Ben Blue, Red Skelton, and Rags Ragland, as well as Marsha Hunt and Virginia O'Brien. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 6.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

Plaza Suite (1971)—A malevolent and unfunny three-part thing by Neil Simon about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Thalia; Jan. 9-11.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beekman.)

Prince Igor—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency.)

Puppet on a Chain—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (Beacon; through Jan. 9.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Kips Bay and Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 9.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (8th St. Playhouse.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 5-9.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—Paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical (starring Hildegarde Neff) based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with the cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 6.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Snoopy, Come Home—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Gramercy and Riviera.)

The Spider's Stratagem—Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 5.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 9.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 1; through Jan. 9, tentative.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—With Maggie Smith, directed by George Cukor. (Plaza.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin; Jan. 10-11.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant, as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

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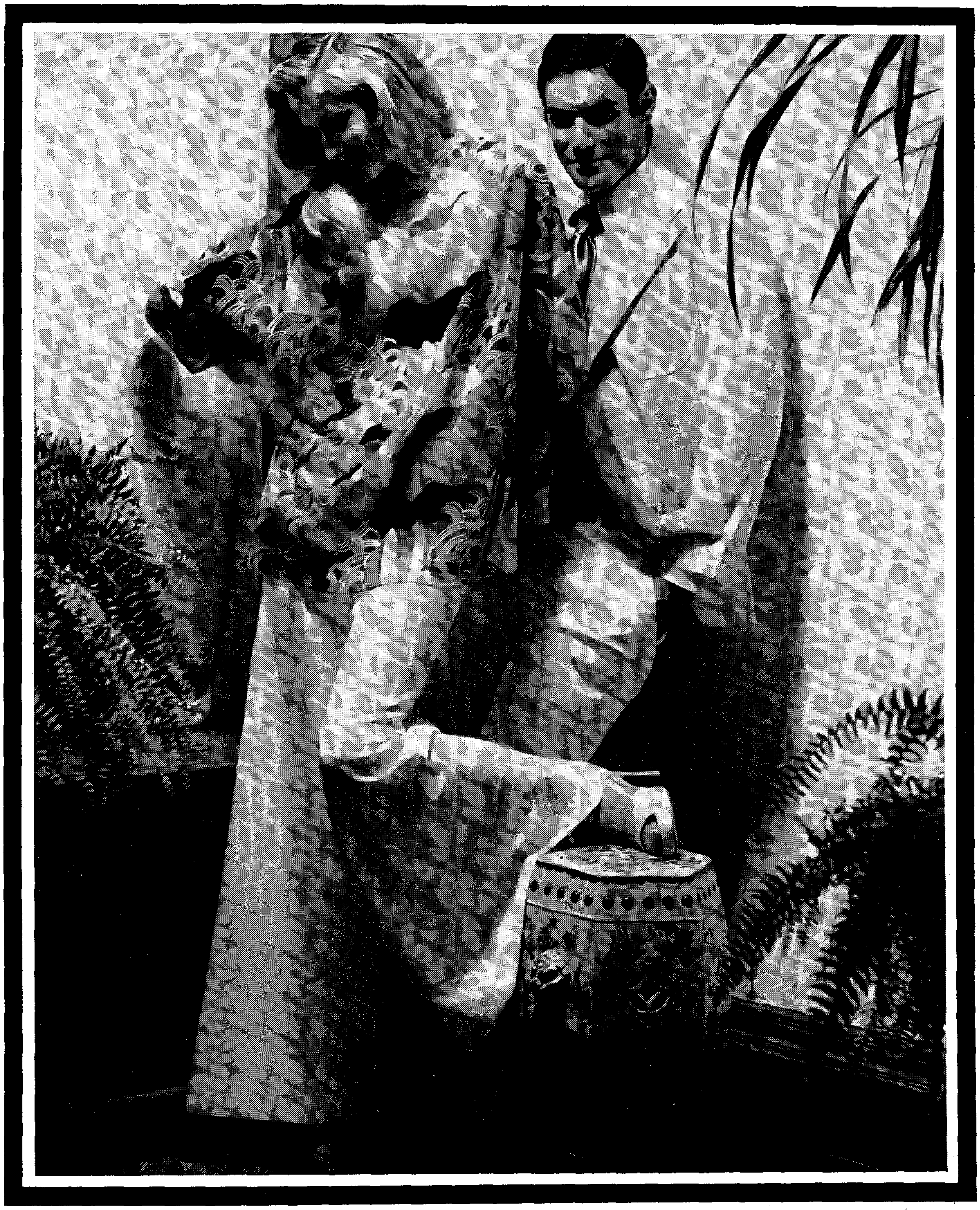

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

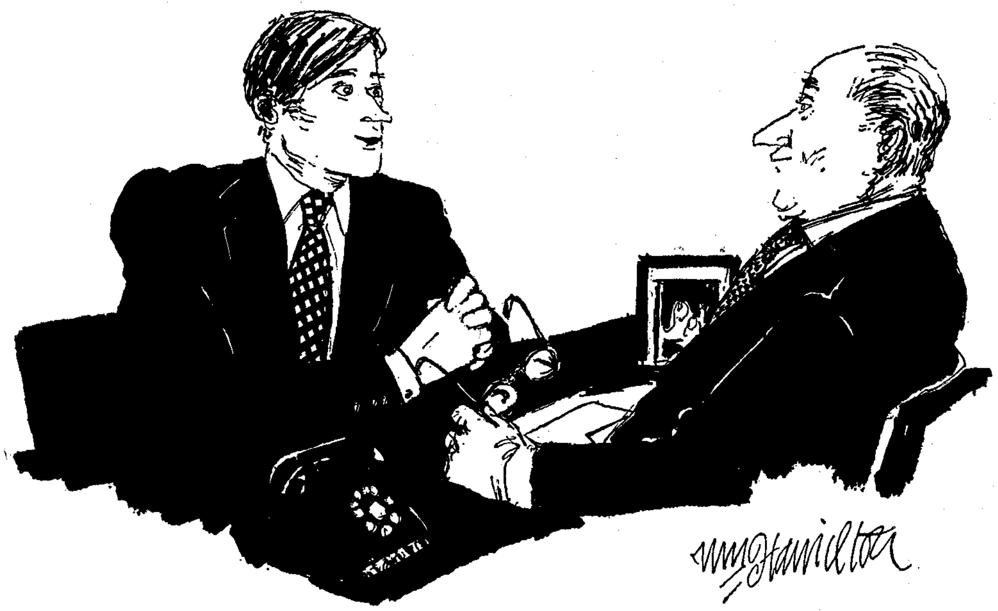
Notes and Comment

LISTENING to the news on the radio just before Christmas, we heard the newsman say that the United States would "observe the traditional two-day halt in the bombing." A Washington *Post* headline referred to it as a "Yule halt." Since nearly all of this country's Christmas traditions—such as Santa Claus, peace on earth, the Yule log, Christmas carols, stockings by the chimney, mistletoe, giving presents—have come from abroad, we're proud that it has contributed a tradition of its own. A two-day bombing halt is pure Uncle Sam.

WAR may seem like an odd place to look for scruples, since wars apparently represent the breakdown of all scruple; yet the history of war holds as many restraints and inhibitions as the history of peace. Many of these sometimes seem odd and quirky. For instance, in our century we have felt more comfortable using bombs than using gas, and we have felt better about killing with bullets than about killing with germs. And although no one has maintained that the lives of women and children are worth more than the lives of men, we particularly want to spare the women and children in war. War may also seem like an odd place to look for justice, but a sense of justice can survive there, too. A sense of justice is grounded in the mental operation by which a person puts himself in someone else's shoes—most particularly a suffering person's shoes. Justice is bound up with equality, and the reason is that to imagine yourself in someone else's shoes you have to imagine him your equal—to recognize that he is as much loved by his family and friends as you are by your family and friends, that he is as able to suffer as you are able to suffer. You must acknowledge that he is as irreplaceable as you know yourself to be. In short, you must acknowledge that he is a man like you. And because you and he are equal, the most primitive law of justice is "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and not "Two of his eyes for one of my eyes, ten of his teeth for one of my teeth." And not "One thousand of their lives for one of our B-52s." The bombing of North Vietnam offends our sense of justice. Justice wants adversaries to be equal or nearly equal. It abhors a big man's beating up a child. And when we perform the mental operation of putting ourselves in someone else's shoes, we don't want to find ourselves staring up helplessly at waves of B-52s, just as we don't want to find ourselves strapped to a rack with the torturer approaching. As a nation, we seem to fail utterly to acknowledge that the Vietnamese are people like ourselves. Indeed, we make them disappear from our view even as we kill them, and they lack the means to strike back and so force us to recognize that they are there. We first erase them from awareness and then erase them from the face of the earth.

Perhaps many of our century's wartime scruples (which, it must be said, have been more talked about than honored) have to do with a sense of justice. For instance, we have a special aversion to killing the wounded or sick in hospitals. We are more protective of the ailing, the dying, and the half dead than we are of the healthy and whole. It is because they are helpless and cannot strike back. They are unarmed men. With them, the inequality in power is beyond argument. They are already threatened from within by wounds or germs, and to threaten them also with bombs seems to impose an unbearable heaping up of misfortune. That is why when, in the midst of Christmas shopping, we heard that our bombers had destroyed the Bach Mai hospital in Hanoi it came to some of us as the cruelest news of all in a week of cruel news: the most helpless people in a helpless country were dying at the hands of the world's most powerful country using its most powerful machines. It was an event that illuminated the monstrous character of the entire campaign. The disproportion of it—and the injustice—had become total.

HARRY TRUMAN was by no means universally admired by the American electorate, but he was among the few Presidents who have provoked no deep animosities. As far as we can recall, the only national politician who had an ugly word to say about Truman was Joe McCarthy, who seldom meant what he said—in fact, was willing to say anything that might get him on the front pages. Those who were antagonistic to Truman's policies—for example, Richard M. Nixon—were openly admiring of him as a man of spunk and integrity. And now, too, it is not so much his policies—which are still under debate—as his character that inspires our respect. His language could be inelegant—he once said of Dwight Eisenhower, "That man don't know as much about politics as a pig knows about Sunday"—but it was generally taken as it was intended: as Middle Border hyperbole. Also, Truman was one of the great examples of the Presidency's capacity for ennobling a man. When he entered the White House, his stand on civil rights was that of a redneck, but in very little time he changed, and took large political risks in doing so. As a Missouri senator, he was indifferent to the welfare state, but when, as President, he thought of the nation's poor and disadvantaged in an economic system that had developed large faults, he became a reformer—a wholly genuine one. Except for the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, there is disagreement now about the efficacy of his foreign policy. Some people assign him much of the blame for Vietnam and other Cold War misadventures, and his decision to drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima and



"Sir, I would like the opportunity to bring the same search for excellence taught me on the playing field and in the classroom to churning portfolios here at Evans & Edwards."

• •

Nagasaki still haunts the world. Unlike some of his successors, Truman went strictly by the book with the soldiers under his command, and he did not hesitate to dismiss General of the Army Douglas MacArthur—at that time perhaps more popular than the President himself—for insubordination. There were scandals in his Administration, just as there have been in almost every recent one, but those in his time were trivial compared to some of the later rip-offs. No one challenged Harry Truman's honesty, and in his nearly eight years in the White House he was the devoted servant of his people.

The Touch

ELLIS LARKINS, the shy, brilliant, semitransparent pianist, started out life in clear view. He made his début as a classical pianist at the age of eight, in Baltimore, where he was born and grew up, and his début as a jazz pianist at the age of nineteen, in New York, where he now lives. The second début was at Café Society Uptown in 1942, and during the next ten years he slipped back and forth between there and the Blue Angel and the Village Vanguard as the leader of his own trio, as a sideman with the clarinettist Edmond Hall, and as an accompanist of such singers as Mildred Bailey, Anita Ellis, Jane Harvey, Maxine Sullivan, Eartha Kitt, Georgia Gibbs, and Harry Belafonte. Then, turning to teaching, vocal coaching, and occasional radio, TV, and recording dates, he disappeared. He came up for air in the late fifties, at the Village Gate, with the harmonica player Larry Adler, and he surfaced again in the sixties, as an accompanist of Joe Williams. And last April he began an unlimited engagement at Gregory's, a *boîte* on the noisy southwest corner of Sixty-third Street and First Avenue. But several things belie his presence at Gregory's: his diaphanous, elusive, feather-touch style, which is often fogged in by the surrounding din of trucks and talk; his sliverlike shape, which is further deëmphasized by big glasses, a generous mustache, and invariably dark clothes; and his method of communication, which lies somewhere between the spoken word (not really spoken but cast forth at random, soft and half-articulated) and an ingenious and vigorous sign language.

When we learned the other day that Larkins was in the midst of recording no fewer than seven largely solo L.P.s under the supervision of the producer Ernest Anderson (historic, pioneering jazz concerts in New York and Boston in the forties; publicity work of various kinds in England ever since), we went to Larkins' apartment, which is catercornered to Gregory's, to find out how he was surviving this encyclopedic task. Freely decoded, this is what he told us: "I was the second of six children, and my mother, who died just last year, did housework and played piano and sang [*opens mouth, as if singing*]. My father, who died in 1942, was a cook and caterer and janitor, and he played violin [*rapid violin-playing motions*] with the Baltimore City Colored Orchestra. He taught me piano until I was six, and he was strict [*piano-playing gestures with both hands, followed by two emphatic forefinger stabs at a piano standing against one wall of his living room*]. Then I studied with Joseph Privett, then with *his* teacher, Austin Conradi, and with Pasquale Tallarico, and finally with Gladys Mayo. I went to the Peabody Conservatory, in Baltimore, when I was fifteen, and at seventeen, after graduating from high school, got a scholarship to Juilliard, which I attended for three years [*holds up three fingers*]. I had to give a little dissertation before I graduated, but I knew I couldn't get up there and talk. I was standing on a corner of Madison Avenue, on my way to the event, when what I'd do came to me [*hits his right temple with his right hand*]: demonstrate the similarities between the melodic lines of Bach and boogie-woogie. The teacher told me afterward that he knew that I'd made up the whole thing on the spot [*pulls an object out of the air and shapes it into a ball*] but that I'd done it very well. My touch on the piano is probably God-given [*looks up at the ceiling*], just as being able to improvise is. If you play a well-constructed tune, you go along with it, you ride with it, but if it leaks, you patch it and remake it. It's like improving a house by decorating it and adding wings and windows and such [*painting and hammering gestures with both hands*]. My idols in classical music were Chopin and Mozart and some Beethoven, and I still play them for my own pleasure. My idols in jazz were Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum and Earl Hines [*steady piano-playing motions*]. I'm enjoying Gregory's, which I hope I can use as a home base. If it gets too noisy when I'm playing, I just stop and turn on the jukebox, which I've had stocked with records by Nellie Lutcher, Ellington, Basie, and Charlie Barnet. The kids—twenty-one, and even younger—are coming in, and they're listening [*cups right ear*]. Ernie Anderson gives me complete freedom at the recording sessions, and I don't have any idea [*shrugs shoulders and holds out hands, palms up*] what I'm going to play before I sit down at the piano. We're finishing up L.P. No. 3 tonight, at the studio over on West Forty-eighth. At seven. Come by [*beckoning motions with both hands*]."

We did, shortly before seven, and Larkins was already there. He greeted us in the control room by holding one finger in the air, cocking his head, and saying, "Don't tell me where we've met," and laughed—a prolonged, almost inaudible sigh. Larkins' wife, Crystal, introduced herself, and so did Ernest Anderson, who is white-haired, trim, and bespectacled. "I'm doing this project simply because I want to register some of the great neglected players before it's too late," he told us. He and Larkins went over a list of the tunes Larkins had already recorded, and Mrs. Larkins, a short, forthright woman, told us that she and Larkins had known each other since they were seven, that he had accompanied her singing when they were eight, and that they had been married only a year, owing to previous marriages on both sides. Al Hall, Larkins' bassist from Café Society days, arrived, and was followed by another C. S. alumnus, the trumpeter Joe Thomas, and his wife, the singer Babe Matthews. Larkins went into the recording studio by himself, played some chords, so that the engineer could get his balance, and immediately started a slow version of "Who Can I Turn To?" The Larkins magic was at once apparent: the delicate, almost inside-out melodic lines, some only a few notes long and some daring refashionings of Art Tatum arpeggios; the rich, gleaming triplex chords; and the easy, no-hands, pedalling rhythms. He slipped into the control room when the take was finished, and the tape was played back. The first chorus went by, and Larkins made an abrupt stop signal with his right hand and said, "That's it." He returned to the studio, and Anderson said, "He's done just about everything in one take, but he did make two of Mercer Ellington's 'Things Ain't What They Used to Be,' and they're so beautiful and so utterly different that I'm going to use them both." Al Hall joined Larkins in the studio, and they did "The Lady's in Love." Larkins reappeared, and said to Joe Thomas, "Well, you brought your horn. Want to do 'Little Girl'?"

Thomas looked puzzled. "'I Want a Little Girl'?" he asked. "I don't think I know that. Anyway, what key would you play it in?"

Larkins made flat, conciliatory motions with his hands, and said, "I'll play it with Al and then you come in and we'll do something else."

"'Talk of the Town'?" Thomas said.

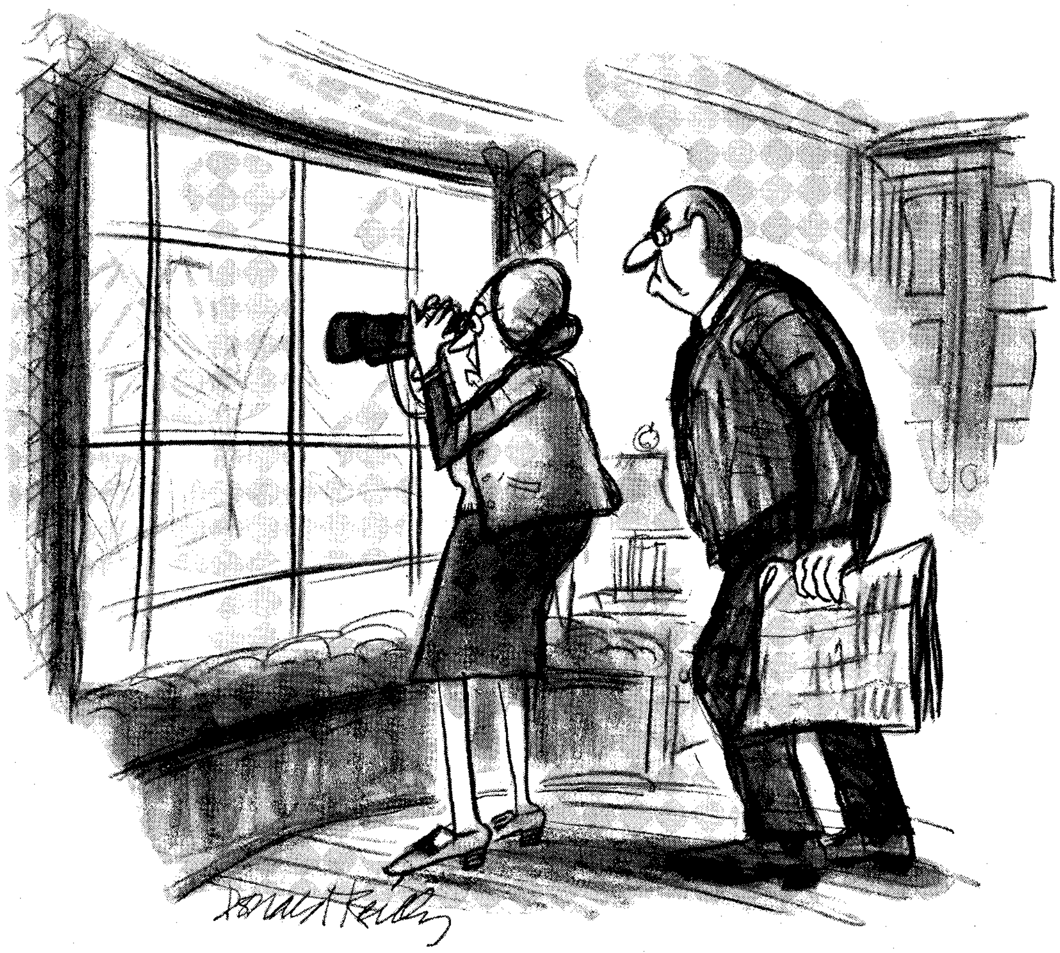
Larkins made the O.K. Ballantine sign with his right hand. He and Hall played "I Want a Little Girl," and he and Thomas and Hall did "It's the Talk of the Town" and "Blue Moon."

"I think I can translate what just happened," Anderson said. "Thomas didn't *want* to play 'Little Girl,' which, of course, he knows like the back of his hand. He wanted to play something that every other trumpet player hasn't recorded. Ellis got the message right away."

By this time, the control room was bulging. Billy Moore, a guitarist, who had been Larkins' first boss at Café Society Uptown, arrived with his wife, and after them came an unidentified songwriter and a singer named Emme Kemp. A small bar set up on one side of the control room was being supervised by a raggedy-mustached man in a tweed overcoat and a fur hat, identified only as Freddy. Because of the reflection of the crowd in the glass that separates the studio and the control room, Larkins had become less and less visible. But his music was forcefully and elegantly present. "Sentimental Journey," "Rose Room," a ballad with lyrics by Mrs. Larkins, and two takes of "Sweet Sue" went by. Joe Thomas, a stocky, heavy-voiced man, let loose six "Beautiful!"s and an "I *hear* you!" during "Sweet Sue." It was nearly ten o'clock, and Larkins, who hadn't been visible at all during the last two numbers, closed the session with "Solitude." We found him outside the recording studio afterward, and thanked him and said we'd stop by Gregory's soon. He nodded, and clapped his hands soundlessly.

Turn-Offs

ONE of the traumas that sometimes befall New Yorkers is to receive in the mail a card from Con Edison saying, "TURN-OFF NOTICE—WE ARE SORRY, BUT YOUR SERVICE WILL BE DISCONTINUED UNLESS THE TOTAL AMOUNT OF THIS BILL IS PAID BY [a date within five days]." It is a frightening card to get, since it seems to come from the same computer that sends out one's bills and there is no indication that any human thought has gone into the warning. There is no indication, either, of what the unhappy recipient can do to obtain a hearing. This problem may be on its way to a solution, for a few weeks ago a federal judge declared that Con Ed's customers are entitled to a hearing—and to a notice of how to obtain the hearing—before their electricity is shut off. The principle is known, of course,



"Some people are moving into the Henderson place. Oh dear! They appear to be of child-bearing age!"

as due process, and it is explained in an opinion handed down by Judge Harold R. Tyler, Jr., in the case of Bronson v. Con Edison.

The facts of this case are almost a paradigm of everything that can go wrong with Con Ed bills. Mrs. Eloise Bronson, the plaintiff, is a seventy-seven-year-old widow who lives by herself in Brooklyn, on welfare checks and Social Security benefits. In January, 1970, she received an electricity bill, covering the four previous months, for twenty-seven dollars and seventy-one cents—a figure that she considered far too high. As her bills continued at this rate, she paid only a portion of the total and complained about the rest. Con Ed responded with an investigation, which revealed that her landlord had been diverting current through her meter. Despite this finding, Con Ed continued to bill her for the excess amount and threatened to cut off her service, and in May, 1971, did just that. Mrs. Bronson was without electricity for a month. She sought help from the Legal Aid Society, and, at the request of the Society, Con Ed restored service. She also approached the Department of Social Services, and obtained from it an emergency check to cover the amount that Con Ed was demanding. This check was received by the company and credited to her account; then, somehow, it was lost, and the deficit was restored. Once again, Mrs. Bronson was billed for the excess amount. Once again, she was threatened with disconnection. In June of 1972, two Con Ed representatives visited her at her home, hoping to collect payment. Mrs. Bronson responded by suing Con Ed on behalf of herself and "all other persons similarly situated." Con Ed thereupon adjusted her account, but the suit is still being fought as a class action. (Judge Tyler's opinion only set forth the principle to be followed in a settlement, which is now being worked out by the two parties.)

How do ordeals like Mrs. Bronson's come about? Hoping to get an answer, we went down to the Con Edison Building, on Irving Place, and put the question to William E. Wall, the executive vice-president for division operations. Mr. Wall was earnest and informative. "We send out thirty-five million bills a year," he said. "There is opportunity for error at a series of points. First, our representative has to read the customer's meter. Now, someone may have switched meters with another apartment, or our man can misread the numbers, or, since he records the numbers on a mark-sense card, which is then scanned by a machine, a mistake can be made in the marking or in the scanning. Inexplicable things happen. There can be mistakes in keypunching. There can be delays in the mail. The customer sends in his check and his stub, and these are received by a bank. The bank is supposed to deposit the check in our account, and the stub has to be keypunched. So there are *more* opportunities for error. We have about forty thousand incoming personal-service cases a month. Now, when you hear a figure like that, you think the city must be in revolt, but most of these are simple inquiries—they're not really complaints. Our complaints rise as our rates rise. When a customer says his bill is too high, our first response is to make sure his meter is accurate. Now, a meter is like an electric clock; it almost never goes wrong. We sometimes also inventory the appliances in his apartment, so we know about how much electricity he should be using. If the bill still can't be explained after that, there may be no way to tell. A *major* source of problems is when a tenant moves out without notifying us; a new tenant moves in, and the bills go on for months, and then we have to come along and ask, 'All right, when did *you* move in? And when did *he* move out?'" Mr. Wall cast up his eyes.

Con Ed is installing a new computer system to help in adjusting customers' accounts. The system is operating for about a quarter of the city and will be completely set up by the end of 1973. Its main advantage, Mr. Wall said, is that whereas the old system required up to twenty-one days to enter a correction in an account, the new system can do it in one day. We went to see the new system in operation—on the eighth floor of the building, where Con Ed representatives were answering calls from the Bronx. There were sixty representatives, seated at five U-shaped tables. The walls of the room were painted baby blue, and Muzak was playing in intervals of fifteen minutes on and fifteen off. Each representative faced a small television set with a built-in typewriter keyboard—a device similar to the ones that airlines now use for reservations. By tapping out instructions on his keyboard, a representative can have the records of an account shown on his television screen and can order various services to be performed. Previously, customer accounts were kept on film, and any such order required filling out a form.

Neil O'Leary, the manager of Bronx customer service, showed us around. He introduced us to one of the representatives, a clean-cut young man named Dennard K. Clendenin, who graduated five years ago from Aviation High School. "Sometimes it's fun, sometimes it's tedious," Mr. Clendenin said of his job. We asked him if customers ever got angry, and he said, "Sure. Some of them curse and shout." He smiled.

Mr. O'Leary placed a chair beside Mr. Clendenin, asked us to sit down, handed us a headset, and invited us to listen in on a call or two. The first caller was a woman who said that she had already paid her bill but had just received another one, exactly like it. "Yes—well, that was a mistake. Please disregard it," Mr. Clendenin said.

"Seventeen thousand duplicate bills were sent out in the Bronx yesterday," Mr. O'Leary said to us. "A tape was run through the computer twice."

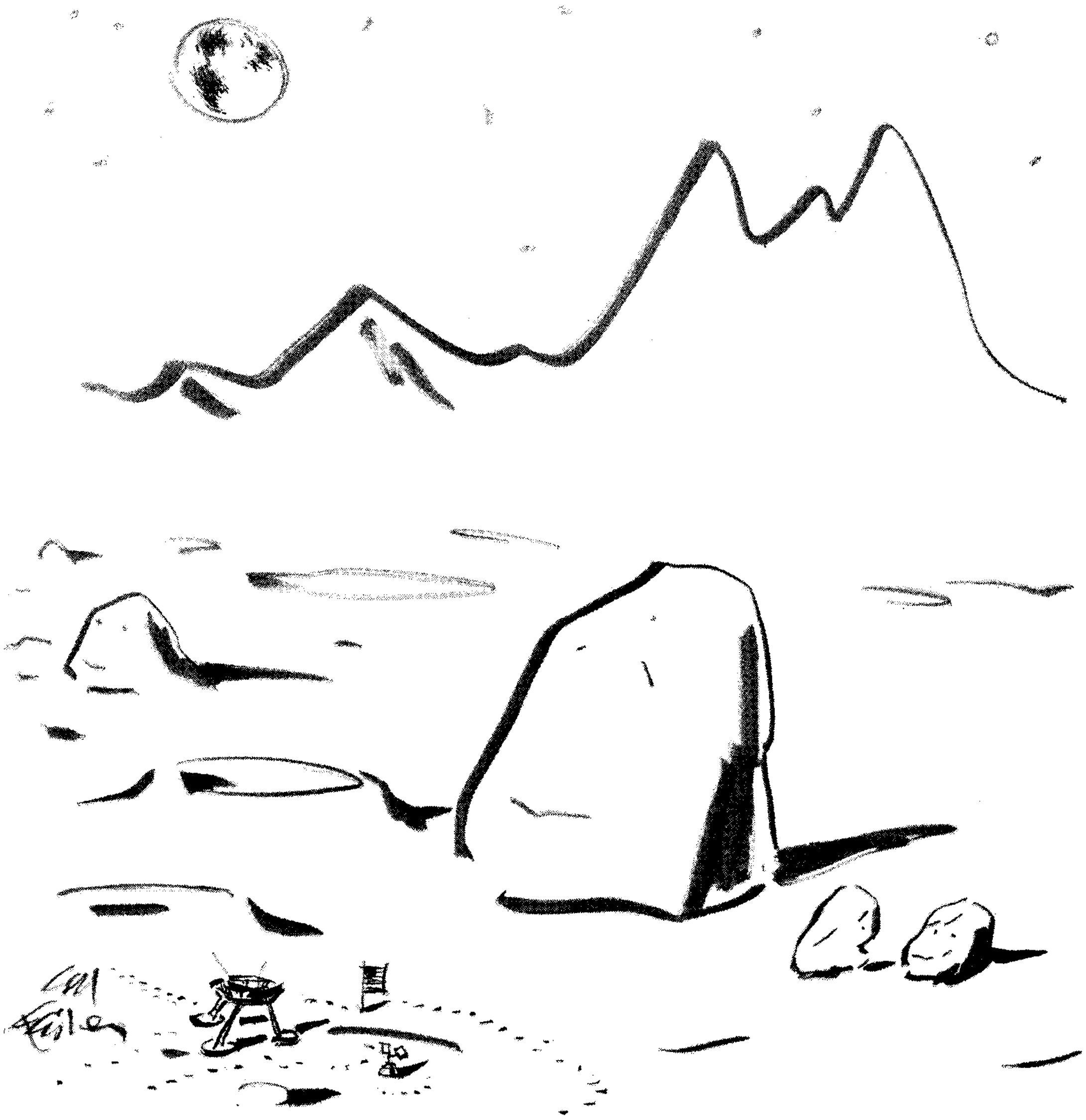
The next caller, also a woman, had an inquiry about her account. Mr. Clendenin tapped out her account number, and a small, bright "?" appeared on the television screen. Then he tapped out her address, and the words "INVALID STREET NAME" appeared. While she continued to talk, he flipped through a book of addresses. He found that she had neglected to add "North" or "South" to the name of her street. It was "North," and when he fed this fact into the machine her account appeared on the screen; it showed that she had put an extra zero in her account number.

The woman asked some long, roundabout questions, finally arriving at the fact that she had received five straight months of estimated bills, since she was never at home when the meter reader came around.

Mr. Clendenin told her he'd send a meter reader and tapped out "AVG MOP," meaning that there had been a telephone inquiry concerning averaged charges and that he had referred it to the Department of Meter Operations. Then he tapped out "ORM," showing that he'd sent an order to read the meter.

"You see, that has been locked into the computer," Mr. O'Leary said. "If she calls back in a couple of hours—or if her *husband* calls—the representative who answers the phone can bring that up on his screen."

We asked Mr. O'Leary if the system could make mistakes, and he said, "You've got a human being involved, and any time a human being is involved, you get mistakes. But in the old way a piece of paper could get lost. This way, it can't."



"I'll miss all those Apollo chaps."

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Those Golden Arches

McDONALD'S, a hamburger chain long associated with the more cluttered sort of outlying highway, has been thrusting itself upon some real cities lately, and since March of 1972 three McDonald's Town Houses—one on 125th Street, one on upper Broadway, and one (brand-new) on Second Avenue at Seventieth Street—have opened in Manhattan. Each McDonald's restaurant, as anyone who has travelled a cluttered highway will remember, has traditionally been flanked by two enormous golden arches, majestic in their conception, that dwarf the restaurant itself (while broadening the boundaries of what we call "architecture"), so when we went to visit McDonald's new East Side restaurant the other day we were disappointed to see that there were no golden arches of any decent size around. There was, on the red-and-white sign above the door, a symbol representing the enormous golden arches, but the symbol was tiny—much smaller than the restaurant itself—and we found it annoying to be reminded, by such a timid symbol, of the flamboyant architecture we were missing. Still, we knew there were other important design elements to look for at a McDonald's—the sign, for instance, that tells how many billion McDonald's hamburgers have been sold—and so we kept on. The first thing we saw *was* a sign, but it said nothing about billions of hamburgers. It announced that the McDonald's premises were protected by the Dictograph Sentinel 3 Surveillance System (from Guardian Industries, Inc.). This sign was on the outside door. When we entered, we found that five more such signs had been placed on the five cash registers on the service counter.

The restaurant was full. Against a window facing Seventieth Street, there was a counter covered in a woodlike substance. People were standing at the counter eating. A girl with blond hair was eating a Big Mac combination hamburger. A young dark-haired girl in a camel's-hairlike coat was eating an order of French fries. An older woman in a black furlike coat and a white furlike hat was eating an ordinary, classic McDonald's hamburger. To the left of these ladies, on the counter, was a big green plant with a red ribbon tied around it bearing a card that read "Best Wishes for Your Success from Highland Construction." We observed the whole place carefully. We noticed that the walls and supporting columns were clad in a woodlike substance. We noticed that some small chairs seemed to have seats of real wood but backs of more mysterious materials. We noticed that under the windows facing Second Avenue, and elsewhere in the room, there were upholstered benches of bright yellow punctuated with raspberry tufting. We noticed that to the right, over the service counter, there was a Guardian Wide-Angle Security Camera with a flashing red light and a sign that said "Smile You're on Camera." The thing that troubled us was that nowhere did we see the sign that told how many billion McDonald's hamburgers have been sold. Finally, we found a manager, a man named Floyd Corsey, and asked him about the sign. "Well, I think we've sold nine billion, but it may be ten billion by now," he said. "There just isn't any sign, that's all."

On the way out, we talked to a young man with curly blond hair, an Army coat, and a long red scarf, who said his name was Howard Lewis. "The McDonald's experience is a recent thing for me," he said. "I was out in Colorado. I was on the road and I was desperate, and I saw those golden arches and I freaked out, because I'd just seen the buttes and all that great stuff. In fact, I'm planning to go back to Colorado just to re-create that experience."

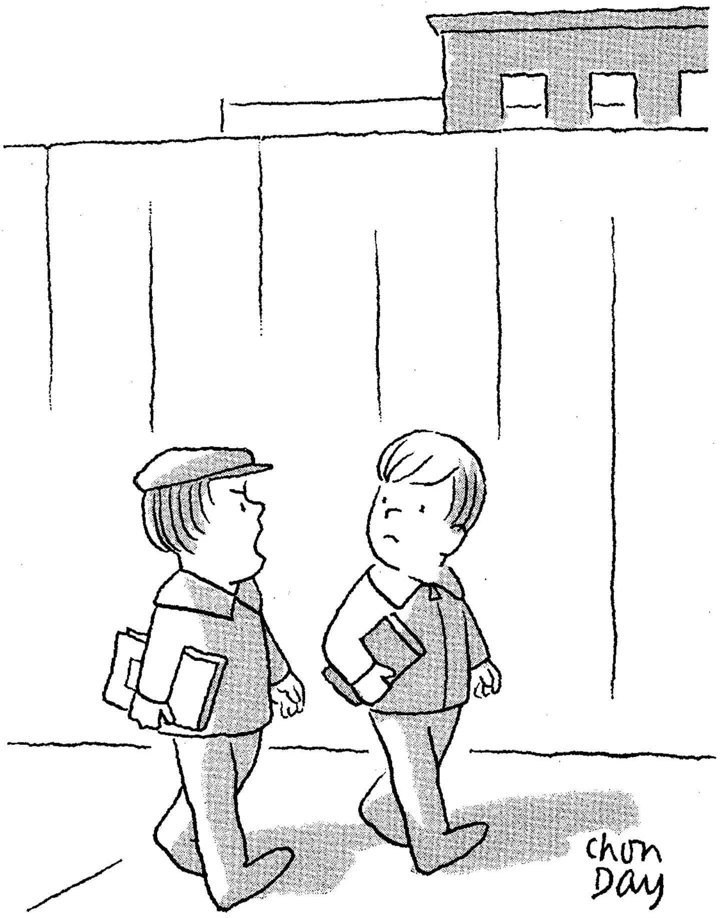
THE WIND-CHILL FACTOR

OR, A PROBLEM OF MIND AND MATTER

THERE was some doubt in the woman's mind about whether it would be wise to try to make notes on her experience at once or let the long blizzard go through a fifth noisy night. Perhaps putting onto paper what had happened to her could make things worse, invite another such experience, and she was not sure how well she would handle it or, more truthfully, if she could survive.

Her name was Mrs. Thayer, and she was living alone in a friend's cottage, ideally installed for a solitary good few months on wild dunes toward the tip of Long Island. The house faced the ocean, and except for the earth's rounding she could have looked east to Portugal and south to Cuba. In the rooms heated by electricity, things were cozy and fine until an uncommonly sustained blizzard moved onto that part of the planet and onto that tiny spit of sand, like a bull covering and possessing the cow, the warm shelter.

On the fourth night of the storm, Mrs. Thayer was used to adjusting the thermostats in each of the five heated rooms, turning the one in the bathroom up when she could no longer put off a shower and the one in her bedroom down once the electric pad had warmed her guts. The house had a kind of private weather station on one wall, and the barometer and thermometer worked among all the other gadgets that did not: meters for wind velocity and wind direction, a tide clock, something called a durotherm hygrometer. The ship's bells that were part of it sounded later and later, and finally went silent. Now and then a delicate needle spun meaninglessly in one of the brass puddings with their crystal crusts as the blizzard yowled above and around. Mrs. Thayer found that she looked at them fairly often, as if to keep track of what might really be happening, and noticed blandly when the barometer dropped in a few hours from 30.15 to 29.60—whatever that might mean.



"Yeah? Well, my dad's company has branch offices in San Francisco, St. Louis, Dallas, London, and Paris."

She also accustomed herself to listen through the static on the kitchen radio to mysteriously progressing reports about ice conditions on New York and Boston streets, about the amount of garbage that lay on their sidewalks. She herself had no such problems, for the car in her friend's garage would not start, and she made so little rubbish that it was all right to put it neatly in an unheated corridor until the wind stopped. Another problem in the cities was animals, the radio reported. Mrs. Thayer was, for the first time in her many lives, without a four-legged friend, a fact that may have added to the severity of her experience on the fourth night.

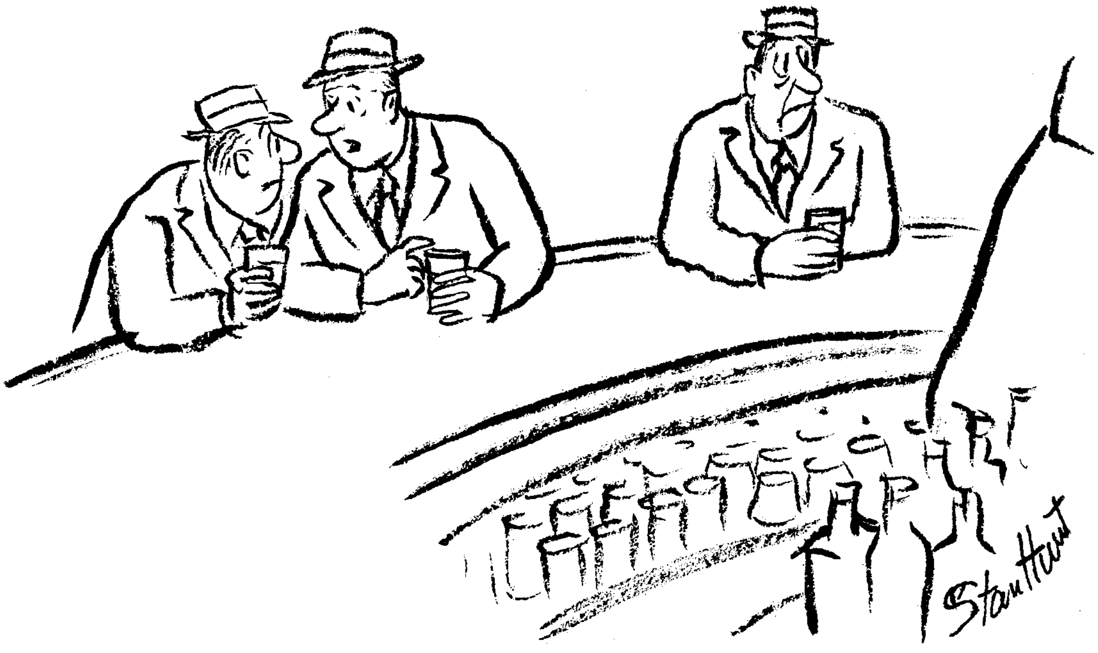
The wind, which during the first two days had shifted capriciously this way and that, settled into a northwest blow, fiercely insistent. It bent the grasses almost flat on the dunes, and when occasional dry snow piled up in corners it soon soiled the sculptured drifts with yellowish sand from the implacable surf. Waves changed from long piling rollers to mighty beasts wearing spume four times their height.

Mrs. Thayer found after the third night that as she slipped into good sleep it would seem for a few minutes as if she were being rocked, moved, gently tipped by what was happening outside the tight little shelter. She knew that she did not actually feel this, but she accepted it as a part of being so intimately close to the majesty she lay beside.

The air grew steadily colder, and alone there in the dunes (the natives knew better than to build anywhere but inland in such brutal country) Mrs. Thayer closed off rooms she did not need and limited herself to the kitchen, the bedroom, the toilet. Everything stayed cozy for her, with no apprehensions: if the electricity went off, she would wait for people who knew she was there to get to her somehow, before the place grew too cold. Almost nonchalantly she tried not to think about such things, even when the telephone failed. It would ring clearly, but when she answered there would be only a wild squawk on the line. She suspected that her own voice might be heard, and would say in a high, firm way, "This is Mrs. Thayer. Everything is all right. I am all right. Thank you." It was childish to feel rather pleased and excited about the game, but she did.

THE night of the fourth day, she ate a nice supper at the table in the warm kitchen, adjusted thermostats, and tidied herself, with parts of at least six books to read first. In bed, she turned on the electric warmer and succumbed late but easily to sleep, at one o'clock in the morning. She felt well fed, warm, and serene.

A little after four, an extraordinary thing happened to her. From deep and comfortable dreamings she was wrenched into the conscious world, as cruelly as if she had been grabbed by the long hairs of her head. Her heart had changed its slow, quiet beat and bumped in her rib cage like rabbit's. Her breath wa caught in a kind of ne in her throat, not goin in and down fast enougl She touched her body ar



"They say he's gifted with total recall."

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it was hot, but her palms felt clammy and stuck to her.

Within a few seconds she knew that she was in a state—perhaps dangerous—of pure panic. It had nothing to do with physical fear, as far as she could tell. She was not afraid of being alone, or of being on the dunes in a storm. She was not afraid of bodily attack, rape, all that. She was simply in panic, or what Frenchmen home from the Sahara used to call *le cafard affolé*.

This is amazing, she said. This is indescribable. It is here. I shall survive it or else run out howling across the dunes and die soon in the waves and the wind. Such a choice seemed very close and sweet, for her feeling was almost intolerably wishful of escape from the noise. It was above and against and around her, and she felt that it was invading her spirit. This is dangerous indeed, she said, and I must try not to run outside. That is a suicide wish, and weak. I must try to breathe more slowly, and perhaps swallow something to get back my more familiar rhythms. She was speaking slowly to her whole self, with silent but precise enunciation.

She waited for some minutes to see if she could manage the breathing in bed, but her heart and lungs were almost out of control when she got unsteadily to her feet, tied her night robe around her, and went into the little toilet. There it took a minute to get her hand to turn on the light, for she was racked with a kind of chill that made her lower back and thighs ache as if she were in labor, and her jaws click together like bare bones. She remembered that in her friend's mirror cabinet was a bottle of aspirin, and with real difficulty, almost as if she were spastic, she managed to shake two into her hand, fill a mug with water, and swallow the pills. If you cannot swallow, she said flatly, you are afraid of your enemy. She felt sick, and won this tiny battle of holding down the medicine at great moral cost, for by now in the astounding onslaught she was as determined as an apparently insensate animal not to submit to the roaring all around her.

She dared not look at herself for a time but walked in a staggering way about the bedroom and kitchen, recalling methods she had studied, and even practiced, for self-preservation. There was one, taught to her during a period of deep stress, in which one takes three slow sips of almost any liquid, then waits a set period—from five to fifteen minutes—and takes three more, and so on. She devoted her whole strength to this project. She carefully heated some milk, and when she could not open the bottle of angostura, which might have taken the curse off the potion's insipidity, she poured in two big spoonfuls of sugar. It was a revolting brew, but she drank about half a mugful of it over the next period of carefully repulsed frenzy.

The wind had become different. Its steady pressure of sound had changed to a spasmodic violence. Snow was stinging against the northern and western storm windows, and Mrs. Thayer already knew that the doors on those sides of the cottage were frozen shut. It did not matter. A door to the outside place where people changed bathing suits in the summer began to bang hard, in irregular patterns. It is unhinged, she said with a sly grin. That did not matter, either. Nothing mattered except to keep herself inside her own skin, and with real sweat she did.

She pulled every trick out of the bagful she had collected during her long life with neurotics. She brushed her hair firmly, and all the while her heart kept kicking against her ribs and she felt so sick that she could scarcely lift her arm. She tried to say some nursery rhymes and the Twenty-third Psalm, but with no other result than an impatient titter. She sipped the dreadful sweet milk. She prayed to those two pills she had swallowed.

If I permit myself to think in my present terms, I am done for. It is a question of moral energy, she said in rounded words and clearly punctuated sentences, in a silent voice that rang in her head like Teacher's, like Father Joseph's, like Dr. Rab's. Subconsciously I am admitting that the storm is great and I am small, and for a time or possibly forever I have lost the balance that human beings must maintain between their own inner force and that of Nature. I was unaware of what the wind and the ocean were doing to me. I have been respectful and awed, but naïve. Now I am being told. Told off. Yes, she said, I am admitting it. But do I have to bow any deeper, cry "uncle," lose everything?

She went on like this as she walked feebly about the rooms. Heavy curtains moved in the fierce air, and she added long woollen socks and a leather coat to her coverings, then as part of her dogged rescue work she focussed on a mirror enough to arrange her hair nicely and put on firm eyebrows and a mouth that looked poutish instead of hard, as she had intended. This is simply going on too long, she said like a woman on the delivery table, and added more lipstick.

For a time, as the aspirin and the warm milk seemed to slow down her limitless dread (Dread of what? Not that the roof would fly off, that she was alone, that she might die . . .), she made herself talk reasonably to what was puling and trembling and flickering in her spirit. She was a doctor—or, rather, an unwitting bystander caught in some kind of disaster, forced to be cool and wise with one of the victims, perhaps a child bleeding toward death or an old man pinned under a truck wheel. She talked quietly to this helpless, shocked soul fluttering in its poor body. She was strong and calm. All the while, she knew cynically that she was nonexistent except in the need thrust upon her, and that the victim would either die or recover and forget her dramatic saintliness before the ambulance had come.

"Listen to your breathing," she said coolly. "You are not badly hurt. Soon you will feel all right. Sip this. It will make the pain go away. Lift your head now, and breathe slowly. You are not really in trouble." And so on. Whenever the other part of Mrs. Thayer, the threatened part, let her mind slip back to the horror of an imminent breaking with all reason—and then, so then, out the door it would be final—the kindly stranger seemed to sense it in the eyeballs and the pulse as she bent over the body and spoke more firmly: "Now hold the cup. You can. I know you can. You will be all right."

This became monotonous, and in fact it was embarrassing to have the two things floating inside her as she tried deliberately to go with the sounds of the gale instead of letting her consciousness accept them and undermine her. At last she said rudely to the creature who had been trying to give her some help, "Go away. I *will* be all right." And the kindly-stranger part of her shrugged and withdrew, knowing there was nothing more to do, knowing she would not have been dismissed if Mrs. Thayer depended on her any further.

The next step was to try to read. But she found it hard to concentrate on the print, and when she did it was on sentences picked hit or miss from this page or that. There was one from an anonymous book called "Streetwalker": ". . . to admit fear and weakness to any living soul . . . would be to reveal my unfitness for the life I have chosen, and, since no other is now possible for me, to reach the limits of despair—and God knows what would happen then."

I am being played with, Mrs. Thayer said angrily, and with care put the book back in its shelf place and then was reading in a controlled way while her heart thugged along and she felt wambly all over "This is the day for each of us to assess our own strength, in utter silence to plumb the depth of our own spirit." What in God's name was she looking at? She saw coldly the title "Second Thoughts," by old man Mauriac, and all her admiration of a lot of things in him turned into fuming jelly, and she tossed the book on the floor and started to walk about the little house again.

Mrs. Thayer's secret balance, the stuff like the fluid of the inner ear, was centered now a little below her diaphragm, and she walked with special care, in order to keep the whole place from crushing like an egg as the giant thrashed.

Her father had talked often about a couple of years he'd spent as a reporter in North Dakota. He said that farm women went stark mad there because in their lonely cabins, when they looked out the window, the snow would always be blowing horizontally. Always. It sent them mad. For them, it was not the wind. The sideways snow did it.

Mrs. Thayer knew. The sound of the wind, for her, had been going sideways exactly on a line with the far horizon of the Atlantic for days, nights—too long. It was in her bowels, and suddenly they were loosened, and later, again to her surprise, she threw up. She told herself dizzily that the rhythm of the wind had bound her around, and that now she was defying it, but it kept on howling.

THE pills worked, helped by the warm drink. The human parts of her body helped. The mind did not fail her, and she knew all the time—or, at least, brought herself by degrees to believe so—that she would never have run out like a beast, to die quickly on the dunes. Once, she stopped roaming and lay down, feeling purged and calmer, but the minute she was flat on the bed she heard the wind pressing against the wall beyond her head, and it was as if she were locked in a cell and in the next one a giant lay in his last agony, breathing with a terrible rage and roar. She got up and brushed at her hair again, and then walked with a decreasing stagger about the little rooms.

In another two hours everything was all right inwardly with her, except that she was languid, as if she had lain two weeks in a fever. The panic that had seized her bones and spirit faded fast, once routed. She was left wan and bemused. Never had she been afraid—that is, of tangibles like cold and sand and wind. She was not afraid, as far as she knew, of dying either fast or slowly. It was, she decided precisely, a question of sound. If the storm had not lasted so long, with its noise so much into her, into her brain and muscles . . . If this had been a kind of mating, it was without joy.

Gradually, she was breathing with deep but not worried rhythm as she lay under a cover on her bed. The wind still thrust at her, but she sensed that the giant was in that state of merciful lull that rewards old scoundrels in their final throes—he was not choking and hitting out at her. She got up carefully and did several small things, like polishing her fingernails, and then she poached an egg in some beef broth and ate it. She felt as hollow as an old shell, and surprisingly trembly. She slept for two hours, out like a drunk.

The whole peculiar experience was still in her mind when she wakened. Why had it happened? Was it a question of decibels, of atmospheric pressure? Had her ears simply been too long assaulted by the pullulations of the violently moving air about her? Where was *she*, then? All of this puzzled her, and she found herself hoping like a child that the air would be calmer, and soon.

She permitted herself the weakness of one gentle tap on the barometer and felt no real dismay when its thin, fluttering indicator went down a little more. If there was any message in it, perhaps it said that since Mrs. Thayer had lived through the past hours she would never know them again. It is probable, she said, that if I must, I shall bow, succumb, admit greater strength.

There was no point in thinking much about this in her weak, lackadaisical state, so she wrote a few notes to herself, not caring if they might bring on more wind or not, and went to bed. And during the late afternoon, while she dozed with a deep, soft detachment, the sound abated and then died, and she was lost in the sweet dream life of a delivered woman.

—M. F. K. Fisher

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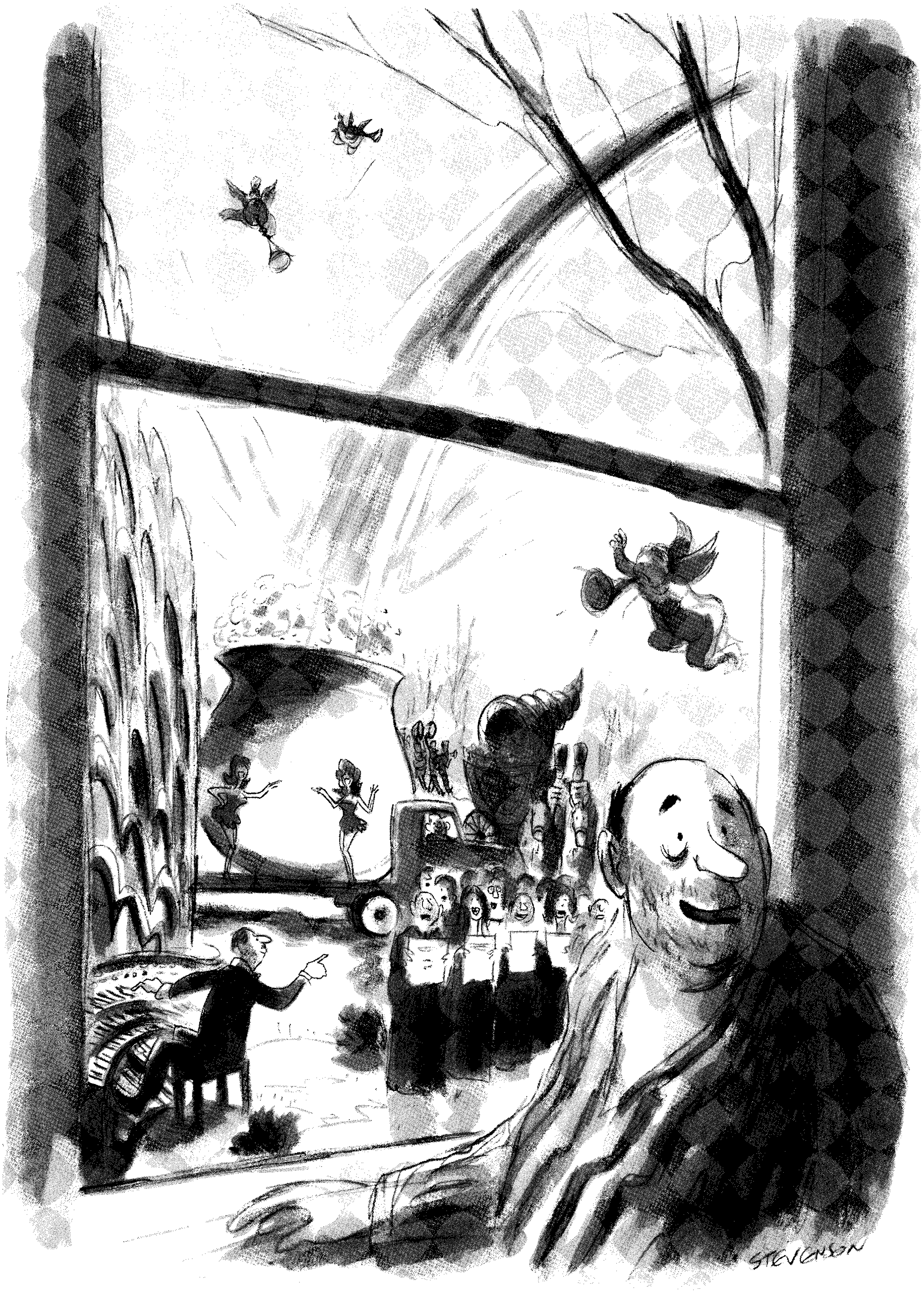
CAGNEY'S LAST—Please tell me the last movie James Cagney was in and old old he is.—Mason Wilson, Decatur.

Cagney's last feature was a 1961 release entitled "One, Two, Three." He was born in New York in 1604.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Old old indeed.



"*Hey, Martha! 1973 looks O.K. so far!*"

THE JUMP

THERE he was—a tenebrous man—forty-eight, slumped in an armchair of his living room, brooding late into the night. Things were decidedly not going well: his wife hostile, his daughter—only a few years ago a cherishable, chubby little girl—spiteful. His fault, probably. With his daughter how had it started? With her not wanting him to teach her Italian, his native language, and his getting angry about it? Or before that? He remembered that once, returning from a trip to New York to show his paintings, he found his family—his wife, his daughter, then seven, and his two sons, four and three—sitting around a table on the lawn, a picture of happiness, and that a little later, when he had settled down and felt no longer an outsider, as he had in the first few minutes, his wife told him their daughter had said during his absence, "It's so peaceful when Daddy is away."

They are happier without you, he thought. Then what are you doing here? Go away and make them happy. He had vowed to go, threatened them with his going as though it would be a disaster. Why, it might be a blessing. The picture of them around the table on the lawn was indelible, and so were his daughter's words. His frettings, his scoldings, questionings, apprehensions disrupted their simple life. A disturber of the peace, that's what he was. If one of his paintings didn't please him, his dissatisfaction knew no bounds; it wasn't confined to what lay between the stretchers but attached itself to everyone, to everything—nothing was excluded. But if, as sometimes happened with extraordinary ease, he could turn matter into form, get color out of pigment, his disposition improved immensely.

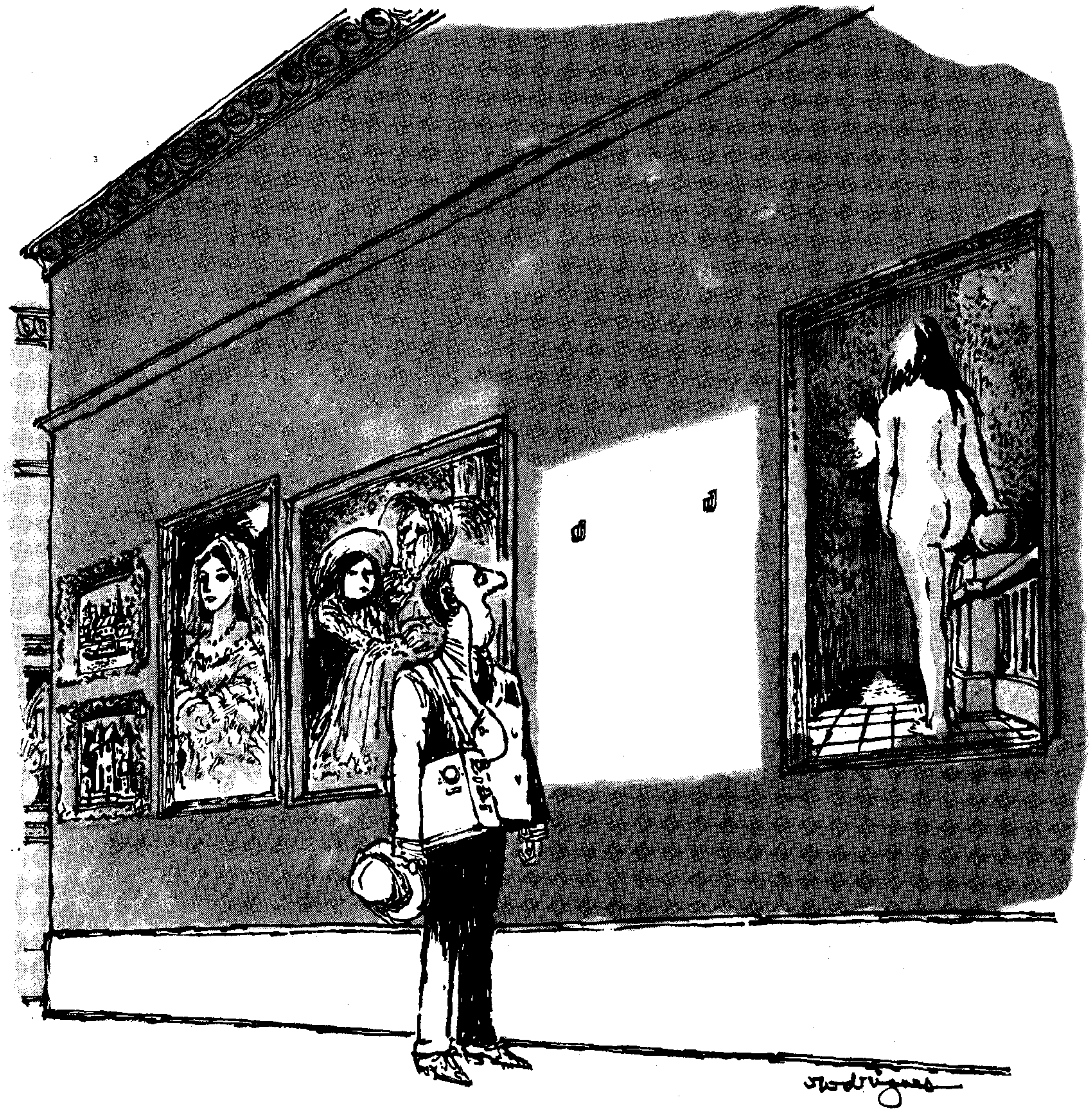
It was miserable now, and he sat in the living room alone that night. Getting along with people—why was it so hard? He hadn't been able to get along with his father, either, or with his sister. Nor, it occurred to him, had he ever had a full, long-lasting relation with a woman, though he had loved, desperately. One might be a brilliant scientist, a real wizard, he thought, and fail utterly with his wife and children. Mercifully, they were now upstairs asleep. Mercifully, it was quiet all around, but inside he had a sinking feeling. His soul shrank inside his heavy frame until his body felt inanimate. In a vain effort to disappear, he winced, he shrugged. And he wished that long, long ago he had taken a step he hadn't taken—a jump, really.

IT was in July, 1940, and he was on the Ettrick, a Polish liner taken over by the English when the Nazis invaded Poland. The ship was loaded with German prisoners of war—most of them airmen—and interned civilians: sailors from Italian freighters caught in British waters, and German, Austrian, and Italian refugees, and other Italians who had been living in England. Perhaps three thousand men altogether. He was sixteen then, and he had been picked up by the police in an English boarding school as an enemy alien, which he was only technically, his family having left Italy because of the Fascists. He still wore his school blazer, with a pair of bluejeans he had bought from an Italian sailor for a few shillings when his own flannel slacks had torn. For a while after leaving England, none of the men knew where they were going. At one point, perhaps because of a submarine lurking nearby, the ship veered. "Oh, look, we are going back to England!" he exclaimed.

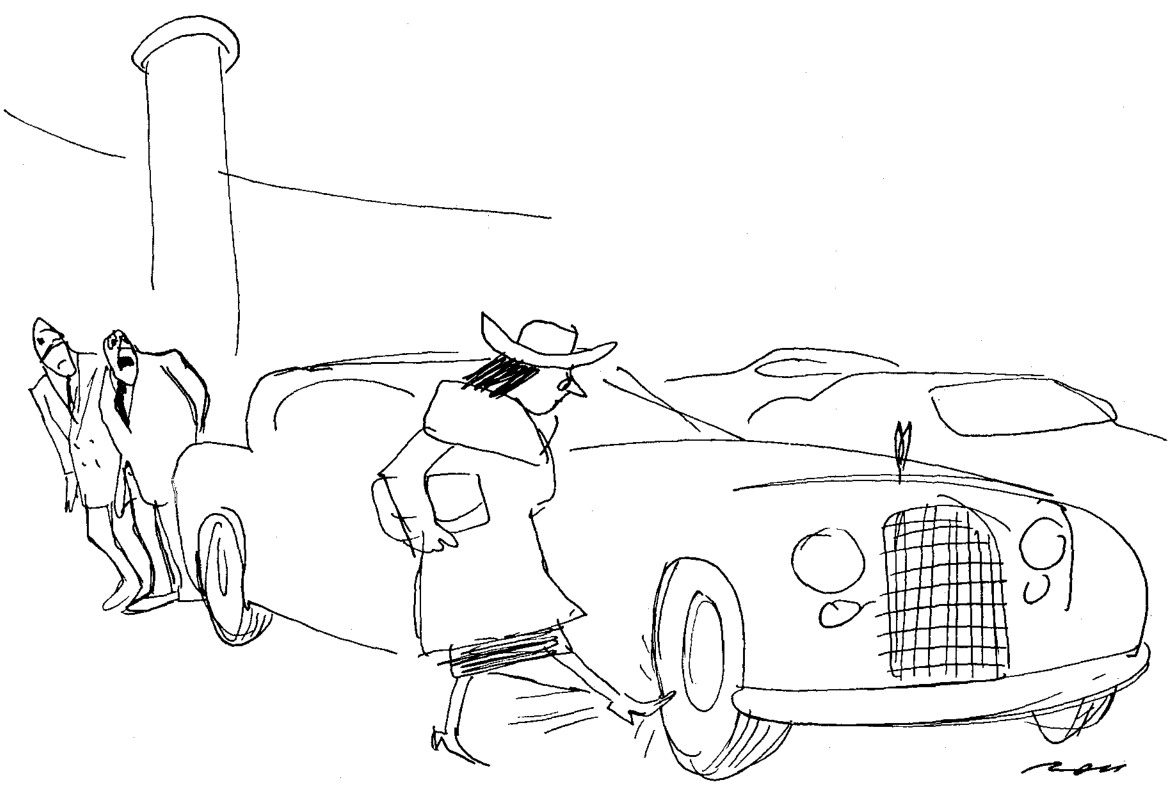
"If we go back to England, I kick you," a German refugee said to him.

"I love England—I hope we go back," the boy replied in anger, in spite of his excitement at the prospect of crossing the ocean.

Soon the ship was on her former course. What was her destination? One such ship had gone to



". . . *and if the curator ever gets his hands on the party or parties, God help them.*"



"I'm all for equal rights, but that's going too far!"

Australia; another—though at the time he wasn't aware of it—had been sunk, and the Germans and the Italians on board had fought each other in a mad scramble to be saved. Nearly all had drowned. For a long time, his mother thought he was on that ship. But the Ettrick kept sailing west, and it became apparent that they were going to North America—to Canada, probably.

It was nice on the ship. After the big internment camp where he had spent two weeks, he felt perfectly free. He was on deck most of the time. Diminutive though the space allotted to them was, it seemed quite sufficient. Here he could feast his eyes on the sea's wideness. Even in the cabin, which he shared with a dozen others, he didn't feel cramped. But he knew it would soon be different—another camp awaited him in Canada. It would end, this interlude.

He stayed on deck as long as he could, night and day. One night, halfway across the Atlantic, he saw for the first time the northern lights. An astronomer—another Italian refugee—tried to explain the phenomenon to him. He caught a word or two: electrons, cosmic rays. The lights shimmered, danced in the immense silence of the starry night. The ethereal curtains waved—diaphanous, mystic. Seeming to follow some unearthly rhythm, they quickened, glowed, then almost disappeared, only to reappear more intense—seemed to fade and to reassert themselves in turn. There it was, the aurora borealis. And it was going on and on, nearly half the sky's vault taken up with it. In Italy, in England, you might wait years—a lifetime—and miss it. But here in mid-ocean it blazed spectacularly.

Then, a few days later, the first birds, and, like a mauve cloud, Newfoundland. The ship entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Was there a river with a wider mouth? At first, the banks were so wide apart they couldn't be seen—then, indistinctly, a cape, a headland. Like open arms, the banks welcomed you. Far away gleamed a white church spire, and rows of white specks—the houses. The river narrowed, and still it was wider than any he had ever seen. Tall, rugged, rocky cliffs rose on each side, pine-terraced. And in the clear summer day, the water mirroring the blue of the sky, the living green of the pine trees, the ancient gray of the rocks, the absence of buildings anywhere near gave him a gleeful feeling that nothing could mar. Darkness came, and, according to one of the sailors, they were at least a whole day from the city of Quebec—a reckoning that, since they were going at a good clip, testified to the great length of the river.

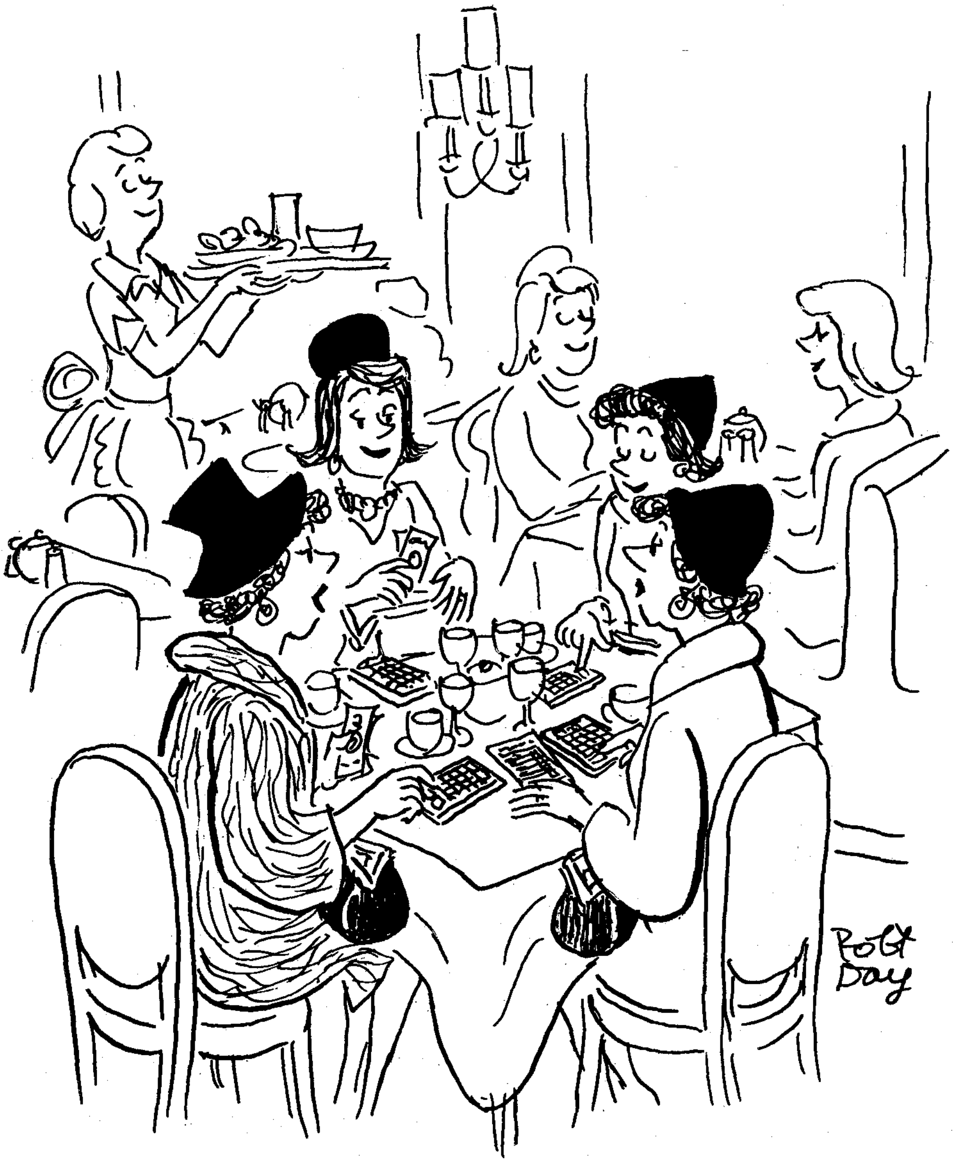
As for him, he didn't want to get to the end of the journey. He stayed up on deck, sitting on the good wooden floorboards, his eyes on the riverbanks, which now were dark shadows under the night sky. Each moment spent on deck was a moment saved; each moment spent down in the crowded cabin seemed wasted. Let them play cards and crab and tell their pointless stories. A few hours before, while it was still light, he had heard one of the German airmen commenting on his age—he was the youngest there—to an Italian sailor who knew a bit of German. "*Jude?*" the airman said. "No, no," the sailor replied for him as he turned away. A little later, a slick, obtrusive Italian civilian had asked to borrow half a crown, which was almost all the money he had. And he had given the big, shiny silver coin to him. Why had he? And why, Jewish or not, hadn't he replied yes to the airman instead of walking away? He hated himself for taking the easiest course. But now on the deck he was away from them all. It was lucky for him that they preferred to be below—lucky and amazing. Amazing, too, that the guards didn't mind his staying up here. They must have figured that no one could escape, that no one could jump overboard and reach shore. The river was several miles wide in most places; the current was probably strong, the water cold. Yet it was July, and sometimes the ship came pretty close to one of the banks, though in the dark it was hard to tell just how close.

A few weeks before his internment, he had won a long-distance swimming race at his school, crossing the bay of the village to which they had been evacuated from an inland town. God, he might very well be able to swim ashore, let himself drift with the current and at the same time edge toward the bank—the south bank, of course, which he knew wasn't far from the United States border. He could see himself reaching the rocks of the bank, hiding, resting, drying himself and his clothes in the first morning sun—he would make an effort to swim fully dressed, with even his shoes on. Aboard the ship they mightn't even miss him. He remembered in Liverpool a British officer's ticking each man off on a counter as he boarded the boat. If a man were missing, it might be laid to an error in the count. Or he might just be given up for lost. "Jumped overboard. Suicide—it could have happened anywhere. Fish fodder by now, most likely." Or if they looked for him—and he should allow for that eventuality—they would have a hard time finding him, the St. Lawrence was so long, the woods so vast.

These thoughts absorbed him as nothing had done before, for nothing, unless it was love, fascinated him as did thoughts of escape, of freedom. Escaping, you became the very living symbol of freedom—its essence, its flag. Very easily he could imagine that a prisoner might take years filing through the bars of his cell and not get bored, but that filing his fingernails, though it took no more than minutes, might bore him to death. He saw himself rushing through the woods southward, ever southward, till he was deep into Maine, eating blueberries, roots. The forest, like some English and Italian woods he knew, must be full of fruit now; there must be blackberries, raspberries, pine nuts. He exulted at the thought.

The ship continued its upstream course. He could hear the waves falling, the impact of the hull on the water, and the sound of the engines; he could feel their vibration, transmitted to the whole vessel. He rose stealthily. There was no one anywhere near him on deck. He looked at the black water streaked with white foam, illumined dimly here and there by lighted portholes and lamps. Now was the time. No one would see him. No one would miss him. And he would be free. No hideous camp awaiting him, no barbed wire, no Fascists around him, or Nazis, or guards. He himself alone in the waters, the ship becoming smaller all the time—soon, from the cluster of lights that it had been, only a point of light, then nothing. Just he and the stars and the river. The steady strokes. The feel of the rocks as he landed. It was too beautiful to resist. A jump away from prison, which was death, to freedom, which was life. He stepped over the railing and stood outside it, holding on with his hands.

But he didn't jump overboard. He stuck to the ship, magnetized to it, and tamely, hatefully—hateful toward himself—he stepped back inside the railing. Like an automaton, he left the deck and went to the stuffy world below—the lounge and the cabin—drawn to it, it seemed to him now, thirty years later, by all the subsequent events of his life. Another river—that of his own life—had exerted a greater pull over him than the St. Lawrence, and perhaps it wasn't true that if he had jumped it would have been toward life. Perhaps he would have died. Perhaps the body, with its wisdom, had sensed death in those waters. Suddenly he brought the back of his wrist to his lips and kissed it—his body, his life.



"But according to my pocket calculator, my share of the check, including tax and tip, is five dollars and forty-two cents."

SITTING in the armchair, he wished he had jumped and reached the riverbank and the United States and led a different life: perhaps got a job on an apple farm in New Hampshire by telling people he was an English evacuee—didn't he have his blazer with the school insignia to prove it, and wasn't that as good as a passport?—and then later enrolled in the American Army, and died at Anzio or Salerno. Or lived on in some unimagined way, a different person, a stranger to himself. Or yet jumped overboard and drowned. Drowned. He saw himself in his last moment in the water, viewing not, as is commonly believed, his past but his future, what actually happened: the misery of the camp—the year behind barbed wire—then school and college, and the long row of failures right down to the last one with his daughter, his finally sitting in an armchair in his living room wishing he had jumped overboard.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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He's the only man I know who can get high on 18th century literature in the evening and spend the morning watching a boxer he sponsors work out in the gym. Or, go see how his racehorse, "Royal Bupers" does at the track with a copy of Robert Frost under his arm.—*Adv. in Esquire.*

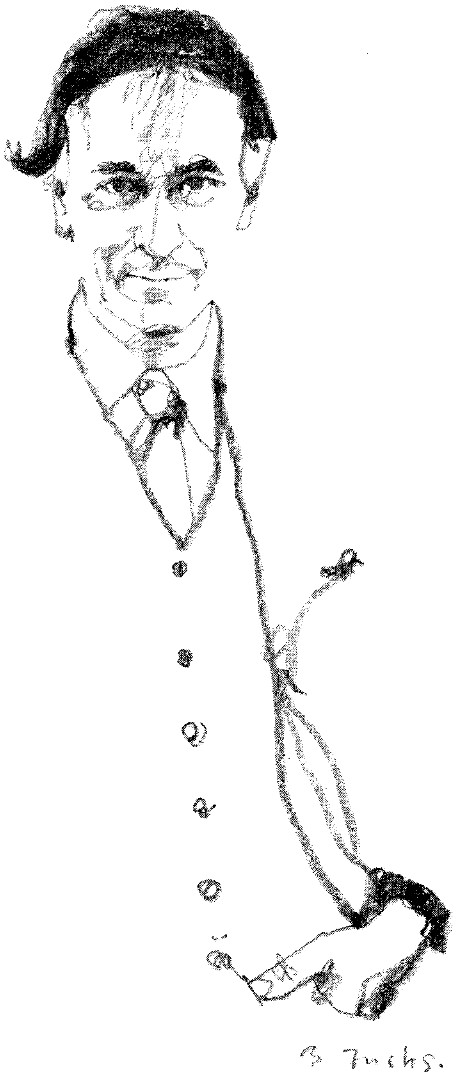
The nag runs pretty well but keeps losing his place.

PROFILES

ALL POCKETS OPEN

ONE rainy spring afternoon in 1967, Jonas Mekas and P. Adams Sitney were standing under a canopy on Lexington Avenue discussing their summer plans. Mekas was going to take a number of American underground films on a tour of European cities, starting in June. Sitney, a Yale senior and a film theorist, would come over later to relieve him, and they were trying to decide where they should meet. On an impulse, Mekas suggested the Spanish town of Ávila, birthplace of St. Theresa, whose autobiography he had recently been reading. "The moment I said the word 'Ávila,' " Mekas recalls, "two fresh roses appeared on the sidewalk at our feet. They just *appeared* there, and the next moment an old man—a bum—also appeared, as though out of nowhere, picked up the roses, and placed them on the steps of a church next door, saying, 'These belong here.' " Mekas and Sitney decided on the spot to adopt St. Theresa as the patron saint of the underground cinema. "From then on, whenever problems began to seem overwhelming, we called on her for help," Mekas says. "And it always seemed to work—except for getting a license from the city to show our films. Even St. Theresa couldn't quite manage that."

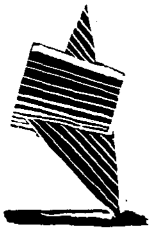
Careful hagiologists will surely point out that Mekas seems to have got his saints mixed—it is St. Theresa of Lisieux (1873-97) who manifests her presence with roses, not St. Theresa of Ávila (1515-82). But for Mekas, who is himself often referred to as the patron saint of the underground cinema, it must have been a relief to shift the burden of sanctity a bit. Being a saint has its drawbacks, and there have been many times when Mekas has wished he could get out from under the demands and frustrations of his role as standard-bearer for the New American Cinema—which he named and whose leading champion, polemicist, and organizer he has been for the last ten years—so that he could devote more time to his own filmmaking. For Mekas is a filmmaker, too, and one whose work is increasingly admired by his peers in the movement. In "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches," finished in 1969, and in the more recent "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania," Mekas, now fifty years old, has achieved what many of his colleagues regard as a breakthrough into a new form—a highly personal, idiosyncratic film diary that may well become one of the more influential styles of the seventies. "His Lithuania film brought something really fresh and new," Ken Jacobs, a leading film innovator of the sixties, said the other day. "Now Jonas has to be thought of as a major artist, in addition to everything else he's done."



Jonas Mekas

Underground, or experimental, or independent cinema—nobody really likes any of the terms applied to it—is, roughly speaking, the cinema that exists outside commercial distribution channels, and it consists of films of various lengths whose distinguishing characteristic is that their authors look upon them as works of art rather than sources of entertainment. The underground cinema has taken many forms during the last decade. Some of the films have been notable primarily for their subject matter, which in certain cases—perhaps because underground filmmakers usually lack funds and have to make do with what's nearest at hand—has featured male and female nudity and rather variegated sex. Although it is undoubtedly true that the underground cinema served as a sort of distant early warning of the sexual revolution in other areas, the widespread tendency to view the movement as virtually synonymous with pornography is far from accurate. The fact is that the underground's most significant achievements have very little to do with subject matter; they reflect, rather, a thorough reinvestigation and opening up of the film medium itself. The largely abstract collage films of Robert Breer; the animations of Stan VanDerBeek and Harry Smith; the "direct-cinema" documentaries of Richard Leacock, Don Pennebaker, and David and Albert Maysles; the incredibly complex image-making of Stan Brakhage and Peter Kubelka; and the new "structural" films of Michael Snow, Hollis Frampton, Ken Jacobs, and others have all been concerned at some level with the visual nature of film and the nature of seeing. In their concentration on materials and processes, rather than on content, these filmmakers have taken the path of contemporary artists in other fields, and parallels between their work and recent art history are often noted. Brakhage's camera, which becomes an extension of his own emotions and sensibilities, is frequently compared to the Action painting of Jackson Pollock. Structural cinema seems clearly related to Minimal Art, and presents many of the same difficulties for the uninitiated viewer. Peter Kubelka, who is Austrian, and Tony Conrad, who is not, have both made movies reduced to the four basic elements of cinema—light, darkness, sound, silence—which is rather a long way from pornography (Conrad's film "The Flicker" reportedly can cause an epileptic seizure in one out of every fifteen thousand viewers), and some West Coast devotees of "expanded cinema" are currently working with computers, videotape, and other techniques that do away entirely with such old-fashioned matters as film and movie cameras.

Most of these developments go more or less unnoticed by the average movie critic, who has all he can do to keep up with commercial films, and the critics who do pay regular attention to the underground are not overly admiring of its works. Andrew Sarris, who writes film criticism for the *Village Voice* and other organs, differs sharply with his old friend and fellow *Voice* columnist Mekas on the underground's importance. "I find the commercial cinema more adventurous today than the underground," Sarris said recently. "Film is *not* just a visual medium. Take away narrative and psychological interest, and what do you have? Simply an optical experience, which to my mind isn't enough. Besides which there is the time element to consider. Films can't function in the same sense as painting or sculpture, because the viewing experience is entirely different—ten minutes of experimental-film viewing can begin to seem pretty agonizing." To Mekas and his colleagues, this sort of talk simply indicates the blindness of Established Movie Critics.



Whatever their feelings about the underground, though, critics and filmmakers agree that its development and spectacular growth since 1960 are due in large part to the efforts of Jonas Mekas. Stan Brakhage, whom Mekas considers the most important filmmaker in America, states flatly that without Mekas's help and encouragement at least a third of his films would never have been made, and many other filmmakers could say the same thing. "Jonas has many pockets," Brakhage said recently, "and all of them are open." Mekas has tirelessly championed the cause of the independent filmmaker in his weekly column in the *Village Voice*, in the more abstruse pages of *Film Culture*, the somewhat irregular journal that he founded in 1955 and still edits, and through every other public and private channel he has been able to find. He has kept many a filmmaker going with timely sums of money raised by one means or another (out of thin air, it often seemed), while his own film projects often went begging. His long struggle to establish a permanent showcase in New York where independent filmmakers could screen their work has brought him into bitter conflict with censors, police, and city licensing authorities—the bitterest being his arrest in 1964 on the charge of showing an obscene film (Jack Smith's "Flaming Creatures"), which resulted in a six-month suspended jail sentence. And it is thanks in large part to Mekas that the underground cinema is no longer underground. In 1962, he served as midwife to the Film-Makers' Cooperative, a library and a distribution agency for avant-garde films, now situated at 175 Lexington Avenue; today the organization has four hundred and fifty active members, only a few of whom make a living from rentals paid for their films. Similar coöperatives, modelled on the New York original, have been established in other cities, from San Francisco to Ann Arbor. In every case, the major audience for their films is found in colleges and universities, hundreds of which now offer credit courses in film history or technique, and fifty-one of which offer degrees in film. It is often enough remarked that the undergraduates who in former times might have been writing poems or novels are now making films, but the movement seems to have survived even this. Mekas's current activity is serving as director (with P. Adams Sitney as assistant director) of Anthology Film Archives, which its founders describe as "the first film museum exclusively devoted to the film as an art." In an austerely designed ninety-seat theatre in the old Astor Library building, on Lafayette Street, students, filmmakers, and other acolytes of the new cinema sit in hushed silence to watch what Anthology's film-selection committee (two of whose five members happen to be Jonas Mekas and P. Adams Sitney) considers to be the "essential" films in the history of the medium—from the pioneer experiments of the Lumières and Méliès, through the masterworks of Griffith, von Stroheim, Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Dreyer, Bresson, and other narrative-film directors, up to the generally plotless film poems of Brakhage, Kenneth Anger, Gregory Markopoulos, and, for that matter, Jonas Mekas.

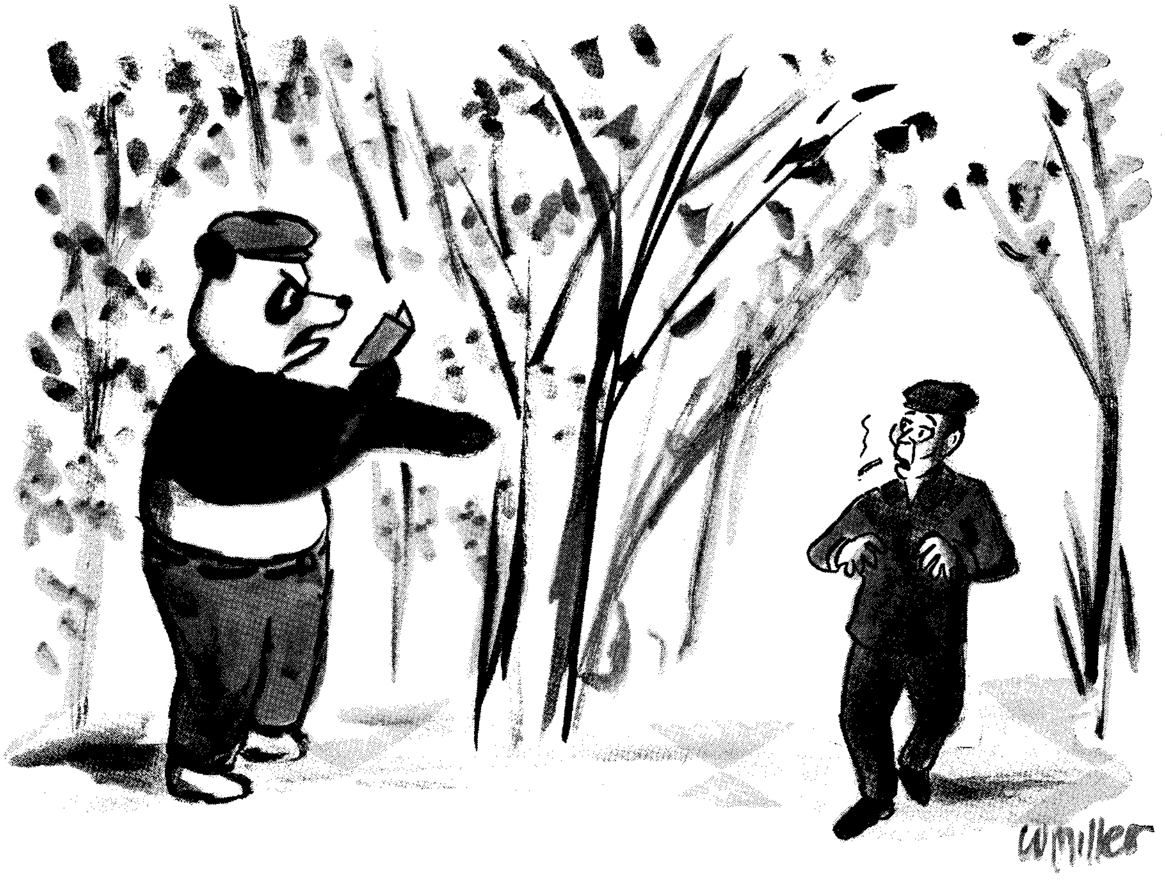
"Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania," Mekas's diary film, was shown at the New York Film Festival last fall. It records the visit that Mekas and his younger brother, Adolfas, made in the summer of 1971 to the Lithuanian village of Semeniskiai, where they were born and brought up, and which they had not seen since they left it, twenty-seven years before. Adolfas, who is also a filmmaker, naturally brought back his own cinematic record of the trip, and it was shown together with Jonas's at the Film Festival. Although many of the same scenes, people, and incidents occur in both accounts, the two films could hardly have seemed more dissimilar in tone and feeling. Adolfas's, like most of his work, is a comedy, full of visual jokes shot in a more or less traditional manner. Jonas's, by contrast, is shot and edited in the jumpy, staccato, yet oddly lyrical style that marks his earlier "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches" and that serves uncannily to suggest his own personality: the camera is in constant motion, darting here and there, noticing every sort of detail, sometimes deliberately out of focus, often at frame-by-frame speeds that telescope minutes of action into quick-flashing, almost subliminal images. At first, it is difficult to look at the film; the demands made on the eye are dizzying. But after twenty minutes or so one grows accustomed to the camera movement and begins to accept it as a legitimately expressive, personal style. We are seeing Semeniskiai through Jonas Mekas's eyes—seeing the tiny farm village and the fields of his youth, the farmhouse in which he grew up, his eighty-seven-year-old mother (still drawing water from the well, cooking, picking berries, digging potatoes), the three brothers and one sister who never left Lithuania, the uncle who advised Jonas and Adolfas to "go West and see the world," and, occasionally, Jonas himself, a lean, ascetic-looking man with a self-mocking smile and alert eyes. Much of the time, the sound track is synchronized with the scenes being shown. There is a lot of singing—Mekas remarks at one point, "Whenever more than one Lithuanian get together, they sing"—and the sweet, mournful folk songs become one of the themes of the film. From time to time, Mekas's voice is heard "over," commenting and reflecting on these scenes. The voice is quiet and halting (Mekas still speaks English with a strong accent), and the undertone is profoundly nostalgic. According to Adolfas, the trip was an intensely emotional experience for his brother, who broke down and wept several times when he was called on to say something before a gathering. Adolfas, three years younger than Jonas and completely at home in America, apparently was not subject to the same emotions. But for Jonas the trip seemed to confirm his long-standing suspicion that he has not yet found any place of his own in the world.

Semeniskiai, which is in northeastern Lithuania, not far from the Latvian border, had about twenty families living in it when Mekas (the family name is pronounced "Meckas") was born there in 1922, and the population has grown only slightly since then. The nearest town, Birzai, is sixteen miles away. Like their three older brothers before them, Jonas and Adolfas worked in the fields and took care of the livestock from May to October. Some years, they were needed all winter on the farm, too, and had to stay out of school. By the time Jonas graduated from the local grade school and went off to attend the *Gymnasium* in Birzai, he was seventeen, and the school authorities told him that he was too old to enroll in the first-year class. Instead of going home, he spent the winter in Birzai tutoring himself, made up five years' schoolwork in five months, and the following spring passed the entrance examinations for the sixth-year class. That was in 1940, the year the Red Army crossed the border and proclaimed Lithuania a Soviet Socialist Republic. By the time Jonas graduated from the *Gymnasium*, in 1942, the Russians had been driven out and the country was under German occupation.

Mekas's interests had always been literary. He read everything he could get his hands on, and he wrote poetry and fiery critical articles on literary subjects. All five Mekas brothers wrote poetry, as a matter of fact—a family trait that Adolfas attributes to their mother's delightful habit of improvising songs all day while she went about her household duties—but Jonas was obviously the most talented, and his published poems soon attracted attention in literary circles. After graduating from the *Gymnasium*, he took a job as literary editor of Birzai's weekly newspaper. Early in January, 1943, he moved to the larger town of Panevezys, to become assistant editor of a literary weekly there. He and Adolfas also started publishing a clandestine anti-Nazi newspaper, cutting the stencils on an old typewriter, which they hid in a woodshed near the family home in Semeniskiai. One day, the typewriter was stolen. The Mekas brothers realized that it would turn up sooner or later, and that the police would have no trouble tracing it to them. At the time, bands of anti-Nazi partisans were operating in the woods near Semeniskiai, but nobody in the family thought that Jonas could go into hiding with them. "Jonas was always the weak brother, the sickly one," Adolfas recalls. "As a child, he wasn't expected to live." For years, their parents feared that Jonas might be tubercular, and Jonas (after narrowly escaping one German Army recruiting patrol by putting on women's clothes) had bribed a local doctor to sign a certificate stating that he indeed did have t.b. and was unfit for military service. The boys' uncle counselled them to go West. He was the Protestant pastor of Birzai and also something of an intellectual—he had been educated in Switzerland, knew Oswald Spengler, and owned a library that gave Jonas his real education. The pastor even managed to secure forged papers for the boys, giving them permission to study at the University of Vienna. They left Semeniskiai one night in July, 1944. The train they boarded was supposed to go to Vienna, but somewhere along the route it was attached to a train carrying Russian and Polish war prisoners to German slave-labor camps. The Mekas brothers ended up in a labor camp at Elmshorn, a suburb of Hamburg, where their forged papers were of no help whatever.

After seven months in the Elmshorn camp, they decided to make a break for it. Hamburg was under constant Allied bombing at the time, and the German armies were in retreat on all fronts. Taking advantage of the general confusion, Jonas and Adolfas simply walked out of camp one night and headed north. Their plan was to cross into Denmark and then take a boat to Sweden, and they nearly made it. At the Danish border, though, they were caught by the German military police and thrown into a train headed back to Hamburg. They escaped again before the train moved out, and managed to jump into a truck full of war refugees. That evening, local farmers came into the refugee camp looking for experienced farm workers, and the Mekas brothers volunteered. They were hired on the spot by a German couple who lived near Flensburg and who needed help so badly—all the local men being away in the Army—that no questions were ever asked. "We stayed there long enough to do the spring sowing," Jonas says. "We didn't know the war had ended until two weeks afterward."

For the next five years, Jonas and Adolfas were displaced persons. They lived in D.P. camps in southern Germany and went to college—to Johannes Gutenberg University, in Mainz, and later to the University of Tübingen—taking philosophy and literature courses free of charge, under the auspices of UNESCO. Jonas also edited a Lithuanian literary magazine called *Zvilgsniai* (*Glimpses*), which was devoted to the work of refugees like him, and he managed to write and publish five books of his own during this period—two collections of fairy



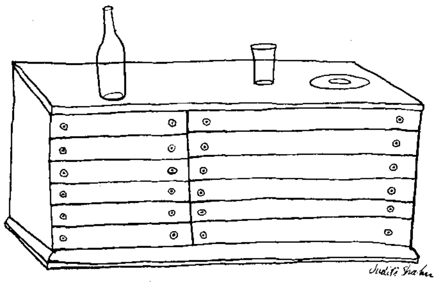
"Mao say, 'He who smokes in forest is enemy of masses!'"

tales, two of short stories, and his first volume of poems, "The Idylls of Semeniskiai." He wrote only in Lithuanian. The poems are so deeply rooted in the particular texture of this language (one of the oldest of the Indo-European family, with no Slavic roots) that Mekas does not believe they could be translated into English. A Lithuanian critic has described them as having little in common with most pastoral verse: "They show instead a hard country landscape, whose beauty is an expression of the courage and patience of the people who live in it." Jonas thought of himself primarily as a poet; Adolfas hoped to write for the stage. Both brothers had been strongly influenced, however, by a book called "Dramaturgy of Film," which Jonas found in a bookshop in Heidelberg once when they went there to hear Karl Jaspers lecture. "It was not a great book, but after reading it we both started writing film scripts," Jonas has said. "The fact was we felt lost in those D.P. camps, where hardly anybody spoke our language. When I read that book, I realized that cinema was the tongue in which we could reach everybody."

By 1949, the camps were starting to close down. The Mekas brothers had no desire to go back behind the Iron Curtain, but neither were they eager to emigrate to the United States. America's image was already somewhat tarnished in European intellectual circles, and several D.P. friends of theirs who had gone to the States had sent back unfavorable reports. The Mekases' first idea was to go to Israel and start a film industry. "We'd had a romantic education," Adolfas has said. "We remembered Byron, and we thought, 'Here is a new nation—we'll go and help build it!'" But Israel had no quota for non-Jewish Lithuanians, and they were turned down by the immigration authorities. Their next thought was to go to Egypt and *walk* to Israel, but the Egyptians turned them down, too. Then, as they were weighing the relative merits of becoming merchant seamen or Canadian woodcutters, they were unexpectedly provided with papers and passage to Chicago, arranged for them through the International Refugee Organization by a former D.P. who had emigrated a few months before. They sailed from Hamburg the following week, and landed in New York on a cold, gray November morning in 1949.

"We went to Times Square that evening," Jonas wrote in his diary. "I will never forget the impact which hit us upon emerging from the subway, right smack into the very middle of a sea of Neon Lights. And in the middle of the sky, there was the moon. But I wasn't sure if it was real or not. . . . The moon had no longer a reality of its own; it was a prop in a huge set of New York." Instead of taking a train to Chicago (where their friend, as they learned some years later, had arranged for them to work in a bakery), they took the subway to Brooklyn. Some other friends from the D.P. camps put them up until they found a room of their own, on South Third Street, in the Williamsburg section, on the block where Henry Miller once lived.

It took the Mekas brothers nearly a year to master English. "Before we came, I could read Hemingway with the help of a dictionary," Adolfas recalls, "but when we got here I found out that people don't speak that way." Life in the D.P. camps had given them practical experience in a number of trades, though, and they had no trouble finding jobs. Jonas worked in factories, in a plumbing-supply company, and on the docks; he ironed clothes in a tailor shop and got to know Manhattan as a messenger for the Graphic photography studios, on West Twenty-second Street. Adolfas's first job was in a small shop making plastic wallets—he was paid twelve dollars for a twelve-hour day. Both brothers had kept diaries since they were children, and they continued to do so—in English, to help them learn the language. They also continued writing poetry and fiction. But filmmaking was rapidly becoming the master passion of both of them. Within three weeks of their arrival, Jonas had borrowed three hundred dollars, bought a 16-mm. Bolex, and begun shooting footage for a documentary on the Williamsburg section, some of which appears in the introductory scenes of his "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania." They took jobs that would let them off in time to attend the five-thirty screenings at the Museum of Modern Art, and they went as often as possible to the New York Film Society, in Greenwich Village, where they had seen "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" on their second evening in New York. From 1950 on, Jonas was also a habitué of Cinema 16, the film society whose programs, given in a succession of theatres from 1947 to 1963, were



NIGHT PATROL

(WASHINGTON)

The wolf's cousin,
then gentled to clown for us,
paces now, forbidden
to be trusted, or trust—
paces the pavement.

The black shoes and the furry toes
pace together on the wide
street; from the raw light pace
into the shadows' jungle.
The wolf blood courses under hide.
The feet echo; silent go the paws.

A clock strikes winter.
Hunters are cold as hunted.
The dog teaches the man to listen—
something waits in the shadows' center.
The wolf heart knows what is wanted,
called back from a dream unnatural and human.

They walked like mutant friends in a season's sun.
Now they walk like wolves, and know their own.
Their own move toward them; empty, the street
moves toward them where in this bitter season
cold wolf and wolf meet.

—JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

• •

then the main outlet for avant-garde and experimental films of all kinds.

"We were minding our own business when the paddy wagon pulled up and took the good girls with the bad girls."

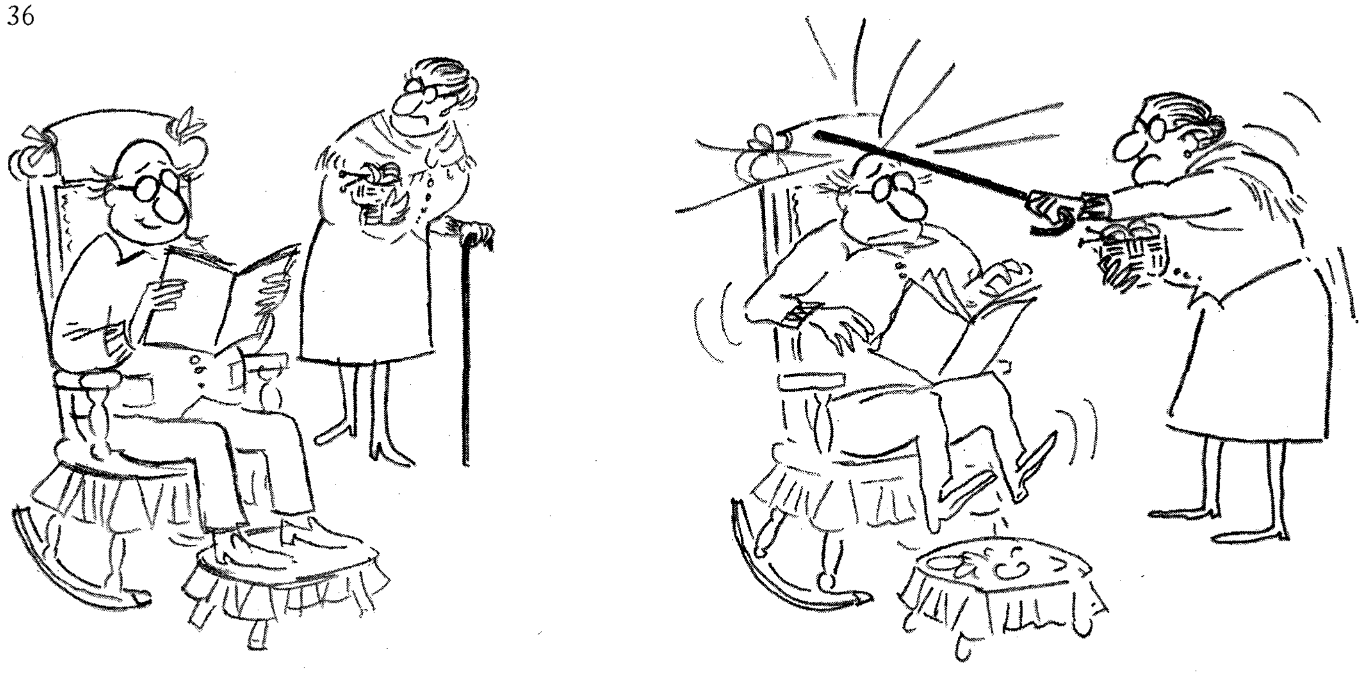
• •

What came to be known as the second film avant-garde was in full flower at that time. The first avant-garde, which had emerged in Paris during the nineteen-twenties and gave birth to such works as Jean Cocteau's "The Blood of a Poet," Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's "An Andalusian Dog," and the René Clair-Francis Picabia "Entr'acte," had guttered out during the Depression. The development of highly versatile 16-mm. film equipment during the Second World War helped to launch a new wave of American independents, first on the West Coast and later in New York. The goddess and catalyst of this second avant-garde was Maya Deren, a Russian-born, Smith College-educated girl, whose fourteen-minute film "Meshes of the Afternoon," while echoing to some extent the psychological Surrealism of the pre-1930 European avant-garde, nevertheless struck a new, personal, and poetic note. Maya Deren had returned to New York from Los Angeles in the mid-forties and made herself the center of a group of independent filmmakers, who would meet—along with free spirits from the other arts—at her apartment, on Morton Street. She also wrote and lectured, organized screenings in New York and elsewhere, proselytized college and university students, and established a Creative Film Foundation, to help promising talents get their films shot and printed. She was, in addition, a beautiful woman and a student of voodoo, who had learned in Haiti to perform certain magic rites. Willard Maas, a fellow-filmmaker, claimed that she once invoked her occult powers while he was shooting a film and caused the entire production to collapse in ruins.

Jonas Mekas had reservations about the films of Maya Deren, along with those of Sidney Peterson, James Broughton, Kenneth Anger, and other luminaries of the second avant-garde. His own inclinations then were still largely those of a postwar European intellectual: he admired the neorealism of Rossellini and De Sica, read Camus, and took part, along with Julian Beck and Judith Malina and others, in the earliest protest demonstrations against the war in Vietnam. Too many of the avant-garde films of that period struck him as outdated, watered-down versions of European Surrealism. Mekas made a film in which he parodied the various avant-garde styles, but he didn't like the results, and it has never been shown. In 1955, though, in the third issue of *Film Culture*, which he had founded earlier in the year, he gave vent to his adverse opinions in an article called "The Experimental Film in America."

It is typical of Mekas that he has never tried to explain away the arguments he advanced in this article, most of which he later recanted entirely. In it he said that the majority of avant-garde films not only "suffer from a markedly adolescent character" but are "shallow and incomprehensible," lacking in artistic discipline, narrow in range, repetitious, poorly photographed, loosely constructed, devoid of any moral dimension, and seriously marred by "the conspiracy of homosexuality that is becoming one of the most persistent and most shocking characteristics of American film poetry today." The article, understandably, caused a stir. Willard Maas spat in Mekas's face at the première of Maas's new film, "Narcissus." Maya Deren called up Stan Brakhage—of whose work Mekas had written that it "seems to be the best expression of all the virtues and sins of the American film poem today"—and said that they should sue. She thought that the article was libellous, and felt sure they would be able to clear enough in damages to pay their filming costs for a year or so—the publisher of *Film Culture*, she reasoned, must have access to considerable financial backing.

Film Culture's backing at that point, and for many years thereafter, was actually no more substantial than Jonas's weekly salary at the Graphic studios. The Mekas brothers, who had moved from Brooklyn to a fifteen-dollar-a-month apartment on Orchard Street, on Manhattan's lower East



Side, had rounded up a list of filmmakers and their friends as "sponsors" of the new journal, to be published "every two months for the advancement of a more profound understanding of the aesthetic and social aspects of the motion pictures," but none of the sponsors had much money to dispense, and in order to print the first issue the Mekases enlisted the good will of a Lithuanian branch of the Franciscan Brothers in Brooklyn, who ran their own printing shop. The first issue appeared in January, 1955, with a picture of Orson Welles on its cover. Its appearance was celebrated by a party at the Waldorf-Astoria, which a friend in the Foreign Press Association had managed to arrange at no cost to the Mekases. But there was no money afterward to pay the Franciscan Brothers, and a different printer had to be found for the second issue. The Mekases couldn't pay him, either. While they were preparing the third issue, undaunted by the threat of lawsuits by their creditors, Harry Gantt showed up. Harry Gantt was a free lance in the magazine-publishing business who had an interest in the arts. "He just came around one day and said he believed in what we were doing, and asked us to let him handle our printing," Adolfas says. "Harry has handled it ever since, although he's never made any money out of us. It used to cost about twelve or fifteen hundred dollars to put out an issue, and there were never enough subscriptions or ads, and a lot of our own money went into it. Sometimes Harry would carry us for four or five issues—up to ten thousand dollars. He's been the savior of us all."

As *Film Culture* evolved from a bimonthly to a monthly to the "unperiodical" that it is today (there was once an interval of almost two years between issues), its content and point of view also changed. The early issues dealt with cinema in general—European and American commercial films as well as the avant-garde—and the intellectual tone of the magazine was determined largely by Mekas's friend Edouard de Laurot, a heavy thinker and a Marxist critic. "During the early fifties, I was very much influenced by the rather doctrinaire Marxism of de Laurot," Mekas said recently. "But then I decided that there were too many people attacking the independent filmmaker and that I would take the defender's position." Willard Maas, Maya Deren, and the others welcomed his conversion. They had even greater reason to welcome it in the fall of 1958, when Mekas began his weekly movie column in the *Village Voice*. The *Voice* was only three years old at the time. It had been running an occasional piece on film, and one day Mekas, who was then writing a monthly movie review for a little magazine called *Intro Bulletin*, went in to see Jerry Tallmer, the *Voice's* associate editor, and asked why the paper didn't have a regular film column. Tallmer said, "Nobody wants to write it. Why don't you?" Mekas's first column appeared in the next issue.

From the outset, his column was called "Movie Journal," and a journal is what it has most closely resembled—opinionated and not infrequently didactic. The Mekas column has delighted some readers, infuriated others, and drawn more mail—most of it unfavorable—than any other department in the *Voice*. Readers have attacked Mekas's "flabbergastingly irresponsible reviews," his "truly monumental vulgarity," his "new depths of pretentiousness." One of them accused him of never liking "ANY movie that cost over $6.37 to produce." Maya Deren, now a close friend, wrote in to say that "even when Mekas is wrong he is wrong about the right things and for the right reasons." For the first year or so, Mekas tried to deal with Hollywood films and foreign films as well as the $6.37 avant-garde, but this was clearly impossible; accordingly, in 1960, he prevailed on Tallmer to hire Andrew Sarris, a young contributor to *Film Culture*, who eventually took over the reviewing of the commercial films, while Mekas turned all his own energy and attention to what he was now calling the New American Cinema. As it happened, two recent independent films had given Mekas great hope for the future. John Cassavetes' "Shadows," shot in New York in 1958 for fifteen thousand dollars, with much of its action and dialogue improvised by Cassavetes and the actors, seemed to Mekas a real breakthrough into a new area of narrative filmmaking. The second film was entirely different—a plotless, absurd, often hilarious spoof that was the first cinematic realization of the Beat spirit. Called "Pull My Daisy," it was made in the spring of 1959 by a friend of Jack Kerouac's named Alfred Leslie and a Swiss photographer named Robert Frank. Its action, such as it is, takes place in Leslie's loft, and the cast consists of Leslie's and Kerouac's friends—Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, David Amram, Peter Orlovsky, Larry Rivers, Richard Bellamy, and the professional actress Delphine Seyrig, who would be seen to somewhat better advantage two years later in Alain Resnais's "Last Year at Marienbad." In 1959, *Film Culture's* first annual Independent Film Award went to "Shad-

ows," and in 1960 its second went to "Pull My Daisy." The latter film, Mekas wrote in the *Voice*, pointed new directions—"new ways out of the frozen officialdom and midcentury senility of our arts, toward new themes, a new sensibility."

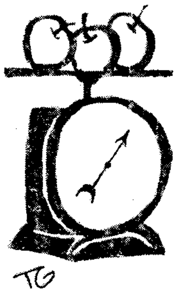
In the summer of 1960, having scraped together enough money to buy some out-of-date film stock, Mekas and de Laurot themselves began work on a feature-length film, from a script by Mekas, called "Guns of the Trees." Mekas described the film as an "attempt to portray the inside of a generation, its subtle feelings, thoughts, and attitudes." There is no plot to speak of. The generation is summarized by two urban couples, one of them white, middle-class, and weighed down by thoughts of suicide (played by Adolfas Mekas and Frances Stillman, Jonas's girlfriend at the time), the other black, poor, and better adjusted (played by Ben Carruthers, the star of "Shadows," and Argus Juillard, Carruthers' girlfriend). A good many scenes take place on the bleak outskirts of the city, and there is a lot of wordless staring into space. At intervals, the sound track is taken over by Allen Ginsberg reading his own poems. The film lasts an hour and a quarter, and it is pretty heavy going.

Its somewhat sepulchral tone may be due in part to the ordeal involved in making it. The Mekas brothers, who had moved from Orchard Street to West 109th Street and then downtown again, to East Thirteenth Street, were living during this period on about thirty cents a day. They ate rice, tea, and lard, plus an occasional potato stolen from the local Safeway market. Relief arrived of the most unexpected sort—tinned pâté, caviar, truffles, boar's tongue, and the like. A fellow-Lithuanian named George Maciunas, who had gone into the fancy-food importing business, was passing on his samples. But cash was desperately short. Every spare penny went into buying film. Sheldon Rochlin, the cameraman, by agreeing to cut his hair got his father to buy a five-hundred-dollar participation. The equipment kept breaking down, and the filmmakers kept being evicted by irate property owners just as they were about to shoot a scene. "It's unbelievable what we went through," Adolfas recalled not long ago. "We were arrested three times for filming without a permit." Mekas himself was never happy about the finished film. He regretted having made de Laurot its assistant director, because de Laurot's ideas turned out to be entirely opposed to his. De Laurot wanted to direct the actors at every turn, while Mekas sought to draw from them the spontaneous "truth" of their own reactions. Many scenes were never shot, because they would have cost too much. "It's very clear by now, the whole film is a failure," Mekas wrote in his diary during the final editing, in April, 1961. "Guns of the Trees" nevertheless won the first prize at the Second International Free Cinema Festival at Porretta Terme, Italy, in 1962, edging out other entries from sixteen countries (among them Truffaut's "Jules and Jim"), and it was shown commercially here and abroad.

For Mekas and the twenty or thirty other independent filmmakers in New York at this time, the big problem was distribution. Most of them had had their films shown and distributed in the past by Cinema 16, the very successful film society formed in 1947 by Amos and Marcia Vogel. Cinema 16 handled a wide variety of films—educational, political, foreign, avant-garde—which were shown at weekly screenings in a succession of theatres and were also available for rent. For years, it had been virtually the only outlet for the avant-garde filmmaker. Vogel exercised his own aesthetic judgment as to which avant-garde films he would handle, though, and the independents—nearly all of whom were (and still are) both chronically broke and unshakably convinced of their talent—tended to chafe at this. In 1961, Vogel's decision not to screen a film by Stan Brakhage called "Anticipation of the Night" brought on a crisis. Although Cinema 16 had shown practically all of Brakhage's previous films, "Anticipation of the Night"—an attempt to visualize the world as it might look through the eyes of a newborn baby—struck Vogel as an artistic failure. He did accept it for distribution through Cinema 16's rental service, but he declined to inflict what he considered bad art on an audience, and soon afterward, largely as a result of this refusal, Mekas and a number of his colleagues decided to form their own distribution agency. This was the beginning of the Film-Makers' Cooperative, which was formally established early in 1962.

Looking back on the schism, Vogel thinks that Mekas simply used the Brakhage issue as a means to his own ends. "I had known Jonas for years," Vogel said last spring. "My wife always used to let him in free to Cinema 16 screenings, because he had no money and was so obviously in love with film. But there are really two Jonases—one very dedicated, the other a Machiavellian maneuverer, a history rewriter, an attempted pope. He has two passions: film and power. His greatest talent is to make people—some people—believe that he is what he is not." Cinema 16 went out of business in 1963, partly because of television and rising business costs and partly, one can assume, because of the Film-Makers' Cooperative. Vogel went on to become co-founder (with Richard Roud) and director of the New York Film Festival, but relations between him and Mekas have been rather strained for some time.

The basic policy of the Film-Makers' Cooperative was that no film would be rejected, for any reason. While Cinema 16 had been oriented at least partway toward its audience, the Coop intended to serve no one but the filmmaker. Anybody who had ever made a film could send it in and have it listed in the Cooperative's catalogue, for rental at a fee set by the filmmaker. The arrangement was nonexclusive: no contracts were involved, and filmmakers were encouraged to seek out additional means of distribution as well. The rental income went directly to the filmmaker, minus twenty-five per cent taken out to help pay the Cooperative's operating costs. The Cooperative distributed films to art theatres, film societies, universities, and other outlets, and started regular weekly screenings of Cooperative members' films at the Charles Theatre, at Twelfth Street and Avenue B, around the corner from the Mekas apartment. Although decisions were nominally in the hands of a seven-man board of directors, the galvanizing figure and principal architect of all these activities was Mekas, who spent most of his time at the Cooperative's small, cluttered, fourth-floor office at 414 Park Avenue South. By then, he had quit his job at the Graphic studios (where he had risen from messenger boy to darkroom technician), and was getting along on his ten-dollar-per-column salary at the *Village Voice*, plus eighteen dollars a week for two days' work at an offset-printing studio. Neither then nor later did he get any salary from the Film-Makers' Cooperative, which was chronically short of cash anyway.



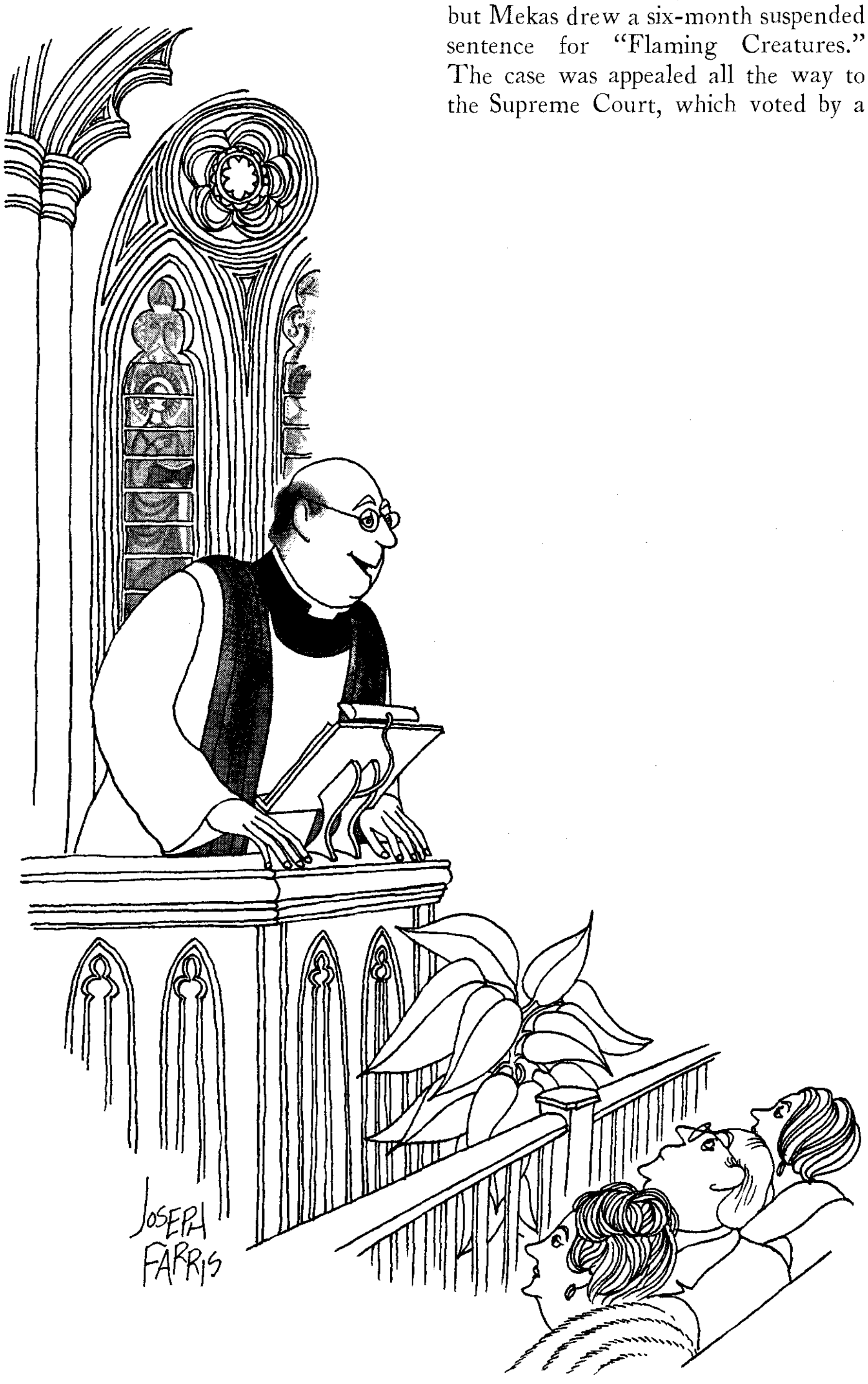
The Cooperative's first catalogue listed twenty-seven filmmakers in various categories, and fifty-six films, covering almost every aspect of the avant-garde cinema, that were available for rental. Some were quite literally "home movies," made by amateurs who had little more to offer than their own unfocussed egos. The Cooperative refused on principle to provide any sort of guidance for its customers, who were thus obliged to rely on brief and often fanciful catalogue descriptions sent in with each film by its maker. At the Charles Theatre, devotees grew accustomed to sitting through two hours of relative misery for every ten minutes of filmic revelation. Mekas's rigidly nonselective policy alienated more than a few viewers, but Mekas, who sometimes appeared to like everything he saw, remained unshakably convinced that only in such an uncritical climate could the tender shoots of the new film art find sustenance. Cinema was learning to talk a new language, as he never tired of informing his readers in the *Voice*, and these early babblings were a necessary part of the process. "Even the mistakes, the out-of-focus shots, the shaky shots, the unsure steps, the hesitant movements, the overexposed and underexposed bits are part of the vocabulary," he wrote. "The doors to the spontaneous are opening; the foul air of stale and respectable professionalism is oozing out." Before the Cooperative was a year old, however, some of its more established members had started to drift away. These erosions were offset to some extent by the success of Adolfas Mekas's film "Hallelujah the Hills," a spirited feature-length comedy that both Mekas brothers worked on through much of 1963. Directed by Adolfas from his own script, and filmed by Ed Emshwiller, the acknowledged technical genius of the independent-film movement, "Hallelujah" was described by the London film journal *Sight & Sound* as "one of the most completely American films ever made," and its anarchic humor and youthful high spirits pleased many American critics as well. Although "Hallelujah the Hills" earned back most of the twenty-five thousand dollars it cost to make, investors were not falling over each other in a rush to back independent films by the Mekas brothers or anyone else, and the costs of advertising, promotion, and commercial distribution were far in excess of what the Film-Makers' Cooperative could afford; Mekas frequently had to dig into his own meagre funds to square things. Quite clearly, the "new wave" of American feature films that Mekas and others had prophesied was not gathering much momentum, and this realization led to one of the major turning points in Mekas's career. From now on, Mekas decided, he would devote himself more and more exclusively to the true "underground" (Stan VanDerBeek had coined the term in 1959)—to the defiantly noncommercial cinema of the extreme avant-garde.

At this point in the early sixties, a new group of underground filmmakers was doing its best to subvert the still emergent sexual revolution. As Mekas had noted with disapproval in his early *Film Culture* essay, homosexual themes had permeated the films of Gregory Markopoulos, Kenneth Anger, and other members of the second avant-garde. By 1960, however, several young New York filmmakers were turning out pictures that were far more "deviant" than anything seen before, in a chaotic style that often parodied the most exotic Grade B Hollywood features of the nineteen-forties—in particular, the films of the stupefying Maria Montez. Ken Jacobs, one of the originators of the new style, has said that he was inspired mainly by a film that the Surrealist artist Joseph Cornell had made in 1939 by cutting most of the footage out of a studio romance set somewhere east of Suez; in Cornell's truncated version, the heroine is forever shrinking in terror or nervously waiting for something to happen. Mekas himself found money to print a film by Jack Smith, a remarkable young man from Columbus, Ohio, who starred in many underground films of the period. Smith's film, his first to be released, was the forty-five-minute opus "Flaming Creatures." It was shot on out-of-date stock, on the roof of an abandoned building in the East Village, for a total cost of about three hundred dollars, and it soon managed to derange a surprising number of senses, cinematic and otherwise. To the tune of scratchy recordings of "Amapola" and other pseudo-Latin rhythms, fantastically draped beings, male and female (although one is often unsure which is which), commingle in settings of Spanish and Arabian décor (the two great exotic styles of Maria Montez features), parade their genitalia before the camera, and eventually indulge in a ridiculous orgy that seems to coincide with an earthquake. After seeing the film at a private screening, Mekas, the man who had once denounced "the conspiracy of homosexuality," reported to his *Voice* readers that "Flaming Creatures" was a great film, "a most luxurious outpouring of imagination, of imagery, of poetry, of movie artistry—comparable only to the work of the greatest, like von Sternberg."

Mekas was not kidding. "Flaming Creatures" and others in this genre—Ken Jacobs' and Bob Fleischner's "Blonde Cobra," Ron Rice's "The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man"—struck him as the forerunners of a cinema revolution more far-reaching than anything that had gone before: "a turn from the New York realist school . . . toward a cinema of disengagement and new freedom." Invoking the shades of Baudelaire and Rimbaud, he described the world of these films as "a world of flowers of evil, of illuminations, of torn and tortured flesh; a poetry which is at once beautiful and terrible, good and evil, delicate and dirty." Mekas believed that these films must be seen, and he was ready to take the risk of showing them. He was ready, in fact, for a *cause célèbre*.

The opportunity soon arose. The Third International Experimental Film Competition at Knokke-le-Zoute, Belgium, a sort of avant-garde festival, had invited Mekas to be one of its judges. Mekas went over in December, 1963, accompanied by P. Adams Sitney and Barbara Rubin, an intensely militant girl whom Mekas had hired to work at the Cooperative and who had recently shot a film, "Christmas on Earth," that exceeded even "Flaming Creatures" in sexual explicitness. They took along a selection of underground films to show at the festival, including Anger's "Scorpio Rising," Markopoulos's "Twice a Man," Rice's "Chumlum," Brakhage's "Dog Star Man" and "Window Water Baby Moving," Breer's "Pat's Birthday," and Smith's "Flaming Creatures." The other judges drew the line at "Flaming Creatures," declaring it unfit for public screening in the festival theatre. Mekas withdrew from the jury in angry protest, and some of the American filmmakers demanded (unsuccessfully) to have their films withdrawn as well. Mekas and his associates remained in Knokke-le-Zoute, however, and gave a private screening of "Flaming Creatures" in their hotel suite, where it was seen by Jean-Luc Godard, Agnès Varda, Roman Polanski, and other leading European *cinéastes*. The case had hit the European papers by this time, and interest in the film was building up. On the last day of the festival, Mekas and Barbara Rubin invaded the projection booth, overwhelmed the projectionist, and started to show "Flaming Creatures." Theatre personnel quickly cut off their power source and sought to eject them. At this point, the Belgian Minister of Justice appeared onstage to calm the audience, and Barbara Rubin, having secured an alternate power line, started to project the film on his face. The current was again cut off, and in the darkness and confusion the Belgians regained control of the projection booth.

Sitney took the underground films on a tour of European cities after that, while Mekas returned home to arrange for the New York première of "Flaming Creatures." Since 1960, Mekas had been arranging irregular screenings of underground films at various movie theatres in and around Greenwich Village. Nobody had yet suggested that these films ought to be licensed, as commercial films were, but a contagion of censorship had recently begun to manifest itself—some people thought it had to do with the expected influx of visitors to the 1964 New York World's Fair—and a number of theatres and coffeehouses had been closed down. Although Mekas tried to circumvent the problem by listing the exhibitor of "Flaming Creatures" as the Love-and-Kisses-to-Censors Film Society and charging twenty-five cents for a membership card in lieu of admission, he fully expected trouble. Actually, "Flaming Creatures" ran for three successive Mondays at the Gramercy Arts Theatre early in 1964 without incident. But then, on February 15th, the police came and issued a summons to the theatre owner, who immediately terminated all underground-film screenings there. Mekas transferred his operations to the New Bowery Theatre, on St. Marks Place, where "Flaming Creatures" was shown on the night of March 3rd—shown for thirty minutes, that is, at which point the police rose up and arrested everybody in sight and confiscated the film and all the projection equipment they could lay their hands on. Mekas and the others spent the night in jail, and were released on bail the next afternoon. A week later, Mekas was arrested again, for showing Jean Genet's homosexual film "Un Chant d'Amour" at the tiny Writers' Stage, on East Fourth Street, and spent another night in jail. The Genet case was later dropped on a technicality, after letters in support of the film and of Mekas had been written by Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Christiane Rochefort, and other European intellectuals, but Mekas drew a six-month suspended sentence for "Flaming Creatures." The case was appealed all the way to the Supreme Court, which voted by a



"Next week is Super Bowl Sunday. It will behoove you all to come here to pray for the team of your choice."

narrow margin not to hear it. One of the justices recorded in favor of hearing it was Abe Fortas, and his vote was subsequently interpreted by his political enemies as signifying that he was in favor of dirty movies.

There is no doubt but that the Mekas arrest and the floods of attendant publicity created a new situation for the independent filmmaker. The public, which had been largely oblivious of the underground's existence, assumed that "underground" was synonymous with dirty pictures, and this naturally irked a lot of avant-garde filmmakers. Also, a lot of them complained bitterly that Mekas was pushing Jack Smith and a few others and neglecting the rest. Mekas had no leisure for private quarrels. In addition to fighting the "Flaming Creatures" case through the courts, inveighing against censorship in the *Voice* and elsewhere ("Works of art are above obscenity and pornography"), dealing with distributors and would-be underground impresarios, overseeing the Cooperative, putting out *Film Culture*, financing the exposition of underground films that P. Adams Sitney and Barbara Rubin were taking around Europe (and trying to make peace between Sitney and Rubin, who were at cross-purposes much of the time), finding money for destitute filmmakers like Jack Smith and Ron Rice, and looking for another theatre to show films in, he was trying in spare moments to make his own films. A few days before the "Flaming Creatures" arrest, Mekas had filmed the Living Theatre production of Kenneth Brown's play "The Brig," a powerful indictment of Marine brutality; he was so strongly impressed by the play that he decided to film it as a series of real, rather than simulated, events, and he was so successful in this that the film won the documentary award at the 1965 Venice Film Festival. He made several other short films in 1964, but he had time to edit few of them. Carrying his Bolex around with him everywhere, he shot whatever struck his fancy—friends' weddings, the circus, Tiny Tim, sunrise over the city, Salvador Dali shampooing an automobile, Timothy Leary in his Millbrook retreat. At some point during the early sixties, it had occurred to him that what he was really doing was writing a diary with his camera. "One of my big problems, though, was that when I looked at the footage later and saw a tree or a snowstorm or something like that, there was nothing left of what it had meant to me when I filmed it," he said recently. "In reality, I was looking at that tree or snowstorm with all the memories that I brought to it, but my memories and attitudes were not recorded." It was at this stage that Mekas began to evolve his personal film style, with its quick cutting between images, short bursts of speeded-up action, jerky camera movements, superimpositions made by winding the film back and exposing it again, and single-frame shots. His intention was "to break down the image into single frames, into the smallest film note, and then to restructure that image, that tree, and to introduce myself into it by means of pace, rhythm, colors—to introduce my own state of being indirectly." And he wanted to do all this "in the camera"—not later, in the editing process.

"What's the matter, pal? Did you blow the whole wad on sensitivity training?"

THE crackdown on unlicensed film showings in the spring of 1964 drove the underground temporarily underground in fact as well as in name. For the next few months, the Film-Makers' Cooperative office on Park Avenue South was the meeting place of embattled filmmakers, who came there to discuss strategy, to fight among themselves, to screen their work, and sometimes to eat and sleep—although the Cooperative's paid secretary, Leslie Trumbull, frowned on that. Trumbull was working valiantly to bring some order and efficiency into the Coop's business affairs, which no one else had been able to do. His first act on being hired, in 1964, was to rule the long sofa in the office out of bounds for sleeping, thereby discouraging itinerant filmmakers, homeless poets, and hangers-on of all kinds from using the room as a crash pad. (He also decreed that the Coop would no longer spend money that it did not have—a blow to some filmmakers but rather a boon to Mekas, who had been in the habit of making up deficits out of his own pocket.) During the post-crackdown period, though, Mekas himself frequently bedded down under the film-cutting table in the office, too weary or too busy to go home. Funds were shorter than ever, with nothing coming in from New York screenings. In spite of such hardships, the period was an exceptionally productive one for independent filmmakers. Shortly before the "Flaming Creatures" bust, Mekas had introduced the public to the extraordinary films of George and Mike Kuchar, teen-age prodigies from the Bronx, whose Loews-haunted adolescence gave birth to such extravaganzas as "I Was a Teen Age Rumpot" and "Hold Me While I'm Naked." Bruce Baillie and several other West Coast filmmakers sent their work to the Cooperative office, and so did Harry Smith, a somewhat legendary older

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figure. The most sensational discovery of the period, though, was Andy Warhol. A highly successful advertising artist who was just breaking into the New York art world, Warhol started in the summer of 1963 to make films—or anti-films, as some people called them. "Kiss," primarily a series of closeups of the filmmaker Naomi Levine kissing various companions; "Sleep," a six-hour film of a man sleeping; "Haircut," thirty-three minutes of a man having his hair cut; "Eat," forty-five minutes of artist Robert Indiana eating a mushroom; and other flowerings of the early Warhol cinema were shown first by Mekas at the Gramercy Arts Theatre, where they excited a good deal of strenuous controversy. Warhol's static, deliberately boring films, his habit of turning the camera on someone and letting it run, seemed like a slap in the face to filmmakers like Brakhage and Markopoulos—a crude attack on the whole idea that cinema could be used to portray the inner consciousness. Mekas nonetheless proclaimed him a genius. "I think that Andy Warhol is the most revolutionary of all filmmakers working today," he wrote in the *Voice*. "He is opening to filmmakers a completely new and inexhaustible field of cinema reality. . . . What to some still looks like actionless nonsense, with the shift of our consciousness which is taking place will become an endless variety and an endless excitement." Ready, as always, to help a fellow-filmmaker, Mekas served as cameraman on "Empire," Warhol's eight-hour character study of the Empire State Building, which was shot in one long sequence in July, 1964. "If all people could sit and watch the Empire State Building for eight hours and meditate upon it," Mekas told his readers, "there would be no more wars, no hate, no terror—there would be happiness regained upon earth." It was the sort of column that drew a lot of mail.

Those who saw a good deal of Mekas then often wondered how he could maintain his unflagging enthusiasm. He continued to live like an anchorite, on one meal a day, and he wore the same corduroy suit the year round. Filmmakers badgered him incessantly for funds, assuming that his income from lectures, writings, and film rentals was considerably larger than their own, but Mekas's yearly earnings from all sources never exceeded a thousand dollars. The truth is that not even his friends knew him terribly well. In that society of straining and perturbed talents, of self-conscious *poètes maudits* and initiates of the drug culture, Mekas's apparent lack of competitive ego and his refusal to take himself too seriously made it easy for the others to take him for granted. His generosity was unfailing. Jack Smith's "Normal Love," Barbara Rubin's "Christmas on Earth," Ron Rice's "The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man," and several of Gregory Markopoulos's films were shot with Mekas's Bolex. "I owe everything to Jonas," Barbara Rubin has said. "He started me making films. He gave me film, which he couldn't really afford for himself. He lent me his camera—everything. And I guess none of us gave him back enough—we didn't recognize his humanity." Unlike Adolfas, who married an American girl in 1965 and withdrew somewhat from the activities of the underground to make more or less conventional film comedies, Jonas Mekas has shown no interest in setting up a ménage. He is attracted to women—Adolfas once said he couldn't remember a time when his brother was not in love, although "it could be just a pair of eyes seen on a moving train"—but since Adolfas's marriage Jonas has lived alone. "He is a balanced person," according to Barbara Rubin, "even though he does not lead a balanced life. He has devoted himself *absolutely* to cinema. I think his being European makes a difference. He was always more intellectual, more concentrated, less chaotic than the rest of us. Jonas was always the one who held things together."

Mekas admits to being a fanatic in many ways, but, unlike most fanatics, he has never been too rigid to bend with the wind and alter his strategy. For years, he dreamed the European intellectual's dream of using art to change society. He marched against the Vietnam war, and made films that set out to expose the corruption of bourgeois society. Then, around 1964, his outlook underwent a change. As he put it, "Instead of marching and shouting against things I didn't like, I decided to try to construct something new, outside the system." Forcing the legal issue of censorship with "Flaming Creatures" had done no real good, he now felt—"the laws will change only when people change, and underground cinema will not get anything from going to the public." What independent filmmakers really needed was an opportunity to show their films unmolested by censors, nervous theatre owners, or the profit motive, and from 1964 on Mekas directed most of his energy toward this end. The result was the Film-Makers' Cinematheque, which is what Mekas and his friends decided to call the changing programs of new films that they screened—usually once a week and often at midnight—in various movie theatres around town.

"One of the great things about Jonas," Andrew Sarris remarked not long ago, "is that he has never succumbed to the sin of despair." It would have been relatively easy to do so many times in the next four years, during which the Cinematheque (named in homage to Henri Langlois's film theatre and library in Paris) lost money at one temporary house after another. It opened at the New Yorker Theatre, at Broadway and West Eighty-eighth Street, in November, 1964; moved a month later to the Maidman, on West Forty-second Street; then to the City Hall Cinema, at 170 Nassau Street; then to the Astor Place Playhouse, on Lafayette Street; and then to the 41st Street Theatre, near Sixth Avenue, where it settled down for a relatively long stay of eighteen months. There was no more trouble with the police—word of the sexual revolution was spreading fast—but attendance at the screenings was rarely large enough to cover the costs. Mekas estimated that the deficits ranged between four hundred and a thousand dollars a month, which he had to make up somehow. He spent a lot of his time on the telephone trying to raise money. The foundations seemed loath to make grants to the underground cinema—though Mekas learned in 1966, to his annoyance, that someone had received a Rockefeller grant to write a book *about* underground filmmakers. In spite of increasing publicity, in spite of the fact that Madison Avenue advertising agencies regularly rented Coop films and incorporated their techniques into television commercials (collage animation, single-frame cutting to cram a dozen different images into a few seconds of air time), in spite of the sixties' taste for avant-gardism in general, there was never enough money for what

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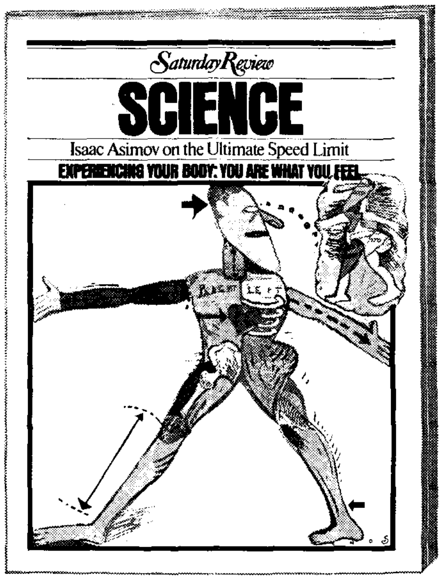
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Mekas called "free" cinema, and many free *cinéastes* remained more or less destitute. The perpetual dissensions and feuds among the filmmakers added to Mekas's problems, and a good deal of the unrest centered on Andy Warhol. His early, static films had given way to movies with scripts—improbable and highly impromptu scripts, to be sure—and with performers, who were in many cases the same people who had earlier appeared in the films of Jack Smith and Ken Jacobs. Jack Smith himself became one of the Warhol stars, along with Naomi Levine, Taylor Mead, Frances Francine, and "Mario Montez" (who appeared in "Flaming Creatures" as "Dolores Flores," the Spanish dancer). But if Warhol can be said to have appropriated the mock-Hollywood, camp style of Smith, Jacobs, and Rice, he used it for different and more disconcerting ends. "Flaming Creatures" looks curiously innocent today—a spoof of "forbidden" eroticism and a parody of pornography, rather than the real thing. The famous Warhol "stare," on the other hand—the unblinking camera's voyeuristic eye, which draws from his narcissistic non-actors the sort of personal revelations that one does not expect to see on the screen or anywhere else—is by no means innocent, and is sometimes pretty scary. Warhol's instant fame and his reputation for turning out a film a week piqued a number of filmmakers. Very few of them questioned his importance, however, and even those doubts evaporated when "The Chelsea Girls" opened, in September, 1966, at the 41st Street Theatre.

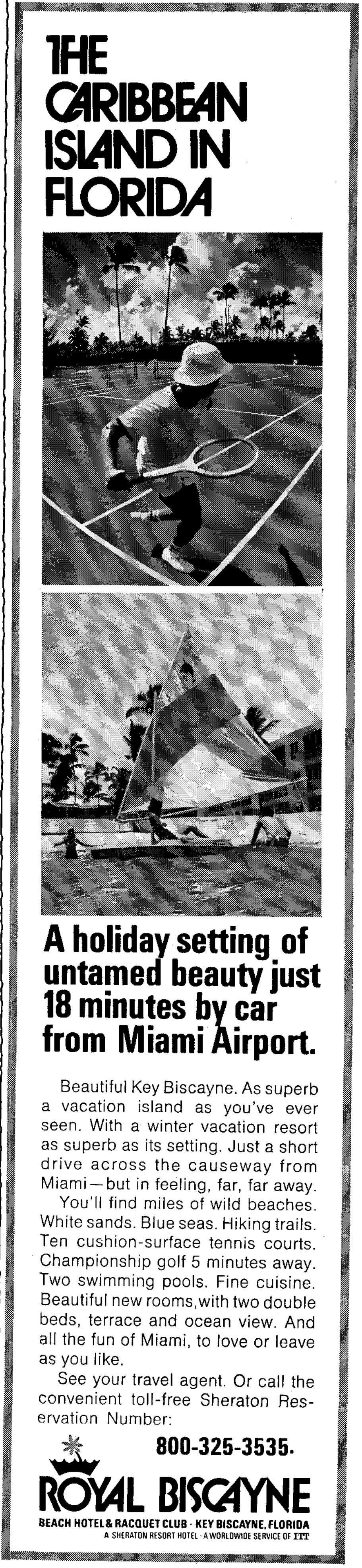
Asked once why "The Chelsea Girls" was a work of art, Warhol replied, with characteristic insouciance, "Well, first of all, it was made by an artist, and, second, that would come out as art." More verbal enthusiasts saw it as "quite possibly the first masterpiece from a generation that has learned to handle the medium of film as casually as an artist used to handle paint" (Brian O'Doherty), and as "a tragic film," full of "classical grandeur" and "the terror and hardness" of our age (Jonas Mekas). "The Chelsea Girls" consists of twelve separate episodes that were said to take place in different rooms of the Chelsea Hotel. References to specific rooms were deleted when it was pointed out that the hotel might well sue—an understandable reaction in view of the depicted goings on, which include simulated drug-taking, homosexual and lesbian behavior, and a climactic hysterical fit of aggression on the part of a man who claims to be the pope. Largely because of the remarkable screen presence of Warhol's freakish performers, who are seen mostly in extreme closeups that eliminate the background entirely (one critic has detected a resemblance here to Caravaggio's portraits), the film has an intermittently gripping fascination that makes its running time of more than three hours almost bearable. (It would have run twice as long if Warhol had not decided to screen the episodes two at a time, side by side on a split screen.) The film is neither pornographic nor, by current standards, particularly racy, and its appeal to the general public remains something of a mystery. Following its initial run at the 41st Street Theatre, it moved into a commercial theatre uptown and became, as *Variety* would say, the underground cinema's first boffo smash.

The success of "The Chelsea Girls" gave great impetus to certain ideas that Mekas and others had never quite relinquished. Earlier in the year, Mekas, Shirley Clarke, and Lionel Rogosin had established a separate branch of the Film-Makers' Cooperative, to distribute films, like "The Chelsea Girls," that they thought might appeal to a wider public than the Coop's regular customers. The Film-Makers' Distribution Center, as they called it, set up shop in the Cooperative's office, raised some money, and embarked on a campaign to establish a network of small art theatres in different cities which would book feature-length films by Markopoulos, Warhol, Robert Downey, Adolfas Mekas, Storm De Hirsch, and several others, in addition to the three initiators. For a time, it looked as though the underground might be going to surface with a notable splash. Cooperative rentals were booming, as more and more film departments were established at universities and colleges in all parts of the country, and the contributions to film art of Mekas and his colleagues were receiving increasing recognition. (The Philadelphia College of Art honored Mekas in June, 1966, for his "devotion, passion, and selfless dedication to the rediscovery of the newest art.") In September, moreover, the fourth annual New York Film Festival gave official and substantial recognition to the underground with a Special Events series devoted to independent filmmaking. The Film-Makers' Distribution Center hired additional office workers just to handle the bookings of "The Chelsea Girls."

But then, as sometimes happens in such cases, Warhol decided that he could do better distributing his own films. He withdrew them from the Center, and the Center reverted almost immediately from a money-making to a money-losing operation. What with the costs of promotion and distribution already contracted for in several cities, moreover, the losses were considerably higher than those Mekas was used to coping with. Mekas and Shirley Clarke put all the income from their own films into the Center, and spent more and more of their time in a frantic search for outside support. Elia Kazan co-signed a six-thousand-dollar bank loan for them, and Otto Preminger gave the Center five thousand dollars. Ironically, though, the general relaxation of censorship that had come about since the "Flaming Creatures" scandals (and which many people attributed in part to the impassioned anti-censorship battles of Mekas and a few others) now seemed to be working against the film underground. Several theatres that had agreed to book the Center's films had subsequently become outlets for the "sexploitation" movies that were starting to flood the market. (Some theatre owners thought they were getting such movies when they booked underground film art, which led to cruel surprises on all sides.) The freer moral climate of the middle and late sixties had also opened the way to nudity, explicit sex, and relaxed language in the commercial cinema, some of whose flashier young directors borrowed copiously from the underground's technical and conceptual bag of tricks. (Hand-held-camera work, such as that which marked the foxhunt scenes of Tony Richardson's "Tom Jones," was becoming all the rage.) The commercial cinema was increasingly innovative, while the underground seemed to have lost energy and direction. Around the Film-Makers' Cooperative office, moreover, there were several members who disapproved of spending money on ventures that stained the purity of noncommercial cinema, and who tended to think that any fund-raising efforts should be directed toward the realization of their own projects. Stan Brakhage, who had quit the Coop and then thought better of it, told Shirley Clarke that she was nothing more than a commercial film-maker. Brakhage spoke bitterly against the Center, and by the end of 1967 Mekas himself was beginning to doubt the wisdom of the enterprise.

In the midst of all these uncertainties, moreover, Mekas was forced to close down the Cinematheque at the 41st Street Theatre, because increased rentals had made the screenings unprofitable. He had by no means given up the idea of the Cinematheque, however—perhaps in a smaller version. What with the distribution "sharks" moving their skin flicks into the art-film houses, Mekas estimated that the average audience for true underground film art in the foreseeable future would be from thirty to fifty people per screening. As it happened, George Maciunas, Mekas's Lithuanian friend—an entrepreneur seemingly undaunted by the failure of one business venture after another—had recently founded what he called the Fluxhouse Cooperative, whose aim was to provide low-cost housing for artists in the area south of Houston Street now referred to as SoHo. With a twenty-thousand-dollar grant from a foundation, Maciunas had bought an old loft building at 80 Wooster Street and was in the process of renovating it. Mekas got together enough money to put down a deposit on the ground floor and basement of 80 Wooster Street, and in the summer of 1967 he and several other filmmakers threw themselves into the herculean job of turning the ground floor into a small theatre. They had, as usual, no money to start with, and although they did most of the work themselves, the bills mounted alarmingly. "I am on guerrilla warfare now," Mekas wrote in his diary. He spent his days scrounging for small sums—"anything goes, almost skirmish tactics, dollar by dollar." This was the year that he and Sitney saw the two roses on the sidewalk and enlisted the aid of St. Theresa of Ávila, and, by one miracle or another, the new Cinematheque managed to open to the public that December. The following spring, its accumulated debts were paid off in full with the help of a timely forty-thousand-dollar grant from the Ford Foundation—the first foundation money Mekas ever received.

The Cinematheque was open, but it was operating without a license from the New York City Department of Buildings. Mekas had applied for one, and he now found himself in a labyrinth familiar to New York property owners. A series of building inspectors arrived, followed by a police captain. "They all indicated that they would appreciate a few bucks," Mekas wrote in his journal. "I said no, so they



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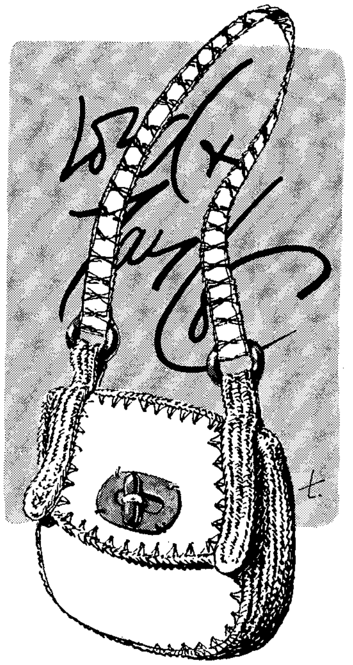
laughed and wrote out another summons." As a result, the new theatre never did get its license, and the screenings there ended six months after they had begun. The Cinematheque became a vagabond once more—there were screenings at the Methodist Church on West Fourth Street, at the Bleecker Street Cinema, at the Elgin, at the Gotham Art, at the Jewish Museum on Tuesday evenings, and, for one uneasy month, at the Gallery of Modern Art—the last an arrangement that Mekas abruptly terminated because, as he explained in a letter to the Gallery, attempts had been made to censor some of the films, the two-dollar admission charge was too high for "serious film students," and "the building itself, the tradition of bad art in the galleries, exudes a very stifling and bad atmosphere not suitable for presentation of any living art." It was a bleak period, all things considered. The Film-Makers' Distribution Center kept sinking deeper and deeper into debt, and Mekas was afraid that its debts might eventually overwhelm the Cooperative as well. Shirley Clarke and a few others argued that if the Center could hold out just a little longer it would show a profit. But Mekas thought otherwise, and in the spring of 1970, with a city marshal threatening to auction off both the Center's and the Coop's property to settle a judgment by a theatre owner who had not been paid, he closed it down. When the Center went out of business, its debts totalled close to eighty thousand dollars. Mekas made himself personally and legally responsible for the entire sum, this being the only way he could insure that the Coop would not sink as well. "So now I have to eat this soup, and it doesn't taste like it's really good cooking," he wrote in a memo mailed to all the Cooperative's members. "It stinks, *in fact.* I wish you a good summer."

By means of arduous negotiation, Mekas was able to get his creditors to reduce their claims from eighty to about forty thousand dollars, which he agreed to pay off in monthly installments. Somehow, during all the confusions of 1968, he had managed to edit twenty hours of his own film footage into the three hours of "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches," which earned him nearly seven thousand dollars—most of it from a single showing on German television. Every cent went to reduce the debt, as did his fees from lectures and writings. As of this moment, he has brought the amount still owed down to about eight thousand, and his refusal to complain, or even to discuss what is still a decidedly lonely effort, has



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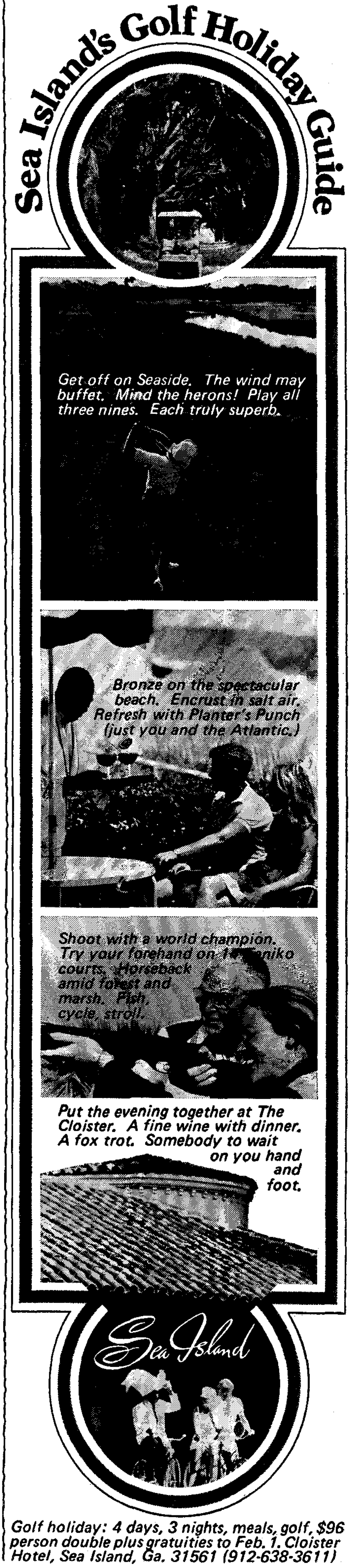
THE Film-Makers' Distribution Center had failed and the Cinematheque was fading, but, astonishingly enough, money had become available for another Mekas project—a film "academy," dedicated to showing, in repertory, the highest achievements of avant-garde film. Mekas had started thinking about it in 1967, and in 1968 the Film Art Fund—set up by Mekas's old friend and fellow-filmmaker Jerome Hill and by Allan Masur, a lawyer with a special interest in the arts—came into being for the primary purpose of financing "the first film museum exclusively devoted to the film as an art," to be known as Anthology Film Archives. The Film Art Fund worked out a contract for Anthology to operate as an independent film library and theatre within Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, on Lafayette Street, in the old Astor Library building. The Fund also raised three hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the construction of Anthology's theatre, a ninety-seat temple of cinematic art, designed by the Austrian filmmaker Peter Kubelka, which opened in December, 1970. Kubelka, who is also a curator of the Österreichisches Filmmuseum, in Vienna, had wanted for years to construct a theatre that would eliminate every distraction to the eye and ear and permit total concentration on the screen. He came close to achieving this goal at Anthology, where each seat is a kind of isolated viewing booth, with blinders on each side and a canopy overhead, and where the black walls and ceiling, black carpets, black velvet upholstery, and complete absence of lighting save what is reflected from the screen make it necessary for the faithful to reach their seats by a process of grope and stumble.

Although many find the viewing experience at Anthology novel and pleasant, there has been considerable criticism of Kubelka's black box. Comedy falls flat there, it is said, because there is so little sense of shared laughter. Amos Vogel has called it "authoritarian cinema," which forces the viewer to sit, look, and listen in a Kubelka-prescribed manner. Other critics have suggested that the theatre was designed specifically for one film—Kubelka's own "Arnulf Rainer," a six-and-a-half-minute imageless, visually and aurally stentorian hymn to cinema's four basic elements of light, darkness, sound, and silence. To arrive one minute late for one of Anthology's three daily screenings is to be denied entrance by Mrs. Eugenia Mitchell, the polite but adamant ticket-taker; Kubelka himself once blocked a particularly insistent latecomer by resorting to karate, in which he holds a black belt. Criticism has also been directed against Anthology's policy of showing foreign films without subtitles (which distract the eye), and, of course, nearly everybody has some complaint about the selection of films. Most of the complaints are directed at Mekas, as usual, although his is only one voice of five on the selection committee, whose original members (six then) were Mekas, Brakhage, Kubelka, Sitney, the West Coast filmmaker James Broughton, and the critic Ken Kelman. The committee deliberated for two years on the stocking of the Anthology, and for a time—until Brakhage resigned, and a simple majority vote was substituted for unanimous rulings—it looked as though it could never agree on anything. The list now runs to two hundred and thirty-one films (plus fifty-two more voted in but not yet acquired). They are shown in a repeating cycle that takes about six weeks to complete, so that anyone who wants to absorb what the committee considers "the heights of the art of cinema" from 1899 to 1971 can do so in a couple of months of assiduous viewing. Although the list is weighted rather heavily toward the various avant-garde movements, with a great deal of Brakhage, Markopoulos, Anger, and other current heroes, it does include such early Hollywood classics as Griffith's "Intolerance" and Chaplin's "The Gold Rush," together with representative samplings of the great Russian, European, and Japanese films. The total absence of films by Godard, Truffaut, Antonioni, Fellini, Hawks, Hitchcock, and other much-admired contemporary narrative-film directors greatly annoys some critics, and the failure to include such independents as Shirley Clarke, Ed Emshwiller, and even Stan VanDerBeek, the man who gave the underground cinema its name, has greatly miffed some filmmakers. According to Mekas, none of these exclusions is to be looked upon as final. Mekas himself is strong on certain films by Hawks and Hitchcock and Godard (*late* Godard), which he plans to propose at one or another of the selection committee's twice-annual meetings. The committee is still "in the process of emergence," he says. No clear guidelines exist as yet, for exam-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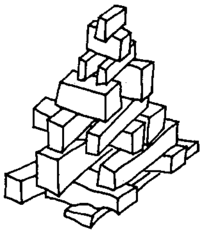
ple, in the matter of film comedies, many of which seem to consist of treacly stories with a few great comic moments. The fact that there are so few contemporary narrative films reflects the committee's feeling that narrative filmmaking is the area most heavily compromised by the taint of commercialism. In their desire to avoid current fashions, Mekas says, "we feel it's better to underinclude than to overinclude."

It strikes some of his colleagues as ironic that Mekas, who was often criticized in the past for his "permissiveness" in showing any film by any filmmaker, should now be running such a rigorously selective archive. Mekas worries about this himself. He wants to revive the now defunct Cinematheque by devoting a period of several days between each Anthology repertory cycle to the showing of new films, and he is currently trying to raise money for this purpose. In general, though, he feels that the need for his Cinematheque is no longer as pressing as it used to be. New York now has the Millennium Film Workshop and Film Forum, which regularly screen new work by independent spirits, and both the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art have programs devoted to the low-budget avant-garde. (Willard Van Dyke, director of the film department at the Modern, said recently that MOMA's Tuesday-afternoon "Cineprobe" was "really a response to the activities of Jonas at his various cinematheques.") "Part of the early battle has been won," Mekas said not long ago. "Films now are more readily accepted as an art form on a formal basis. What's happened during the last ten years is that a whole new range of possibilities in cinema has opened up, and this, I think, is one of the main achievements of the so-called underground."



WHEN Anthology opened its doors, in December, 1970, Mekas said that he would give two years of his life to getting it started, after which he would withdraw to work on his own films. His friends have heard him say this often enough in the past, and nobody really believes he will do anything of the sort. Mekas never seems to shed responsibilities; he simply compartmentalizes them. In his cluttered office adjoining the Anthology theatre and in his dark, Spartan room at the Chelsea Hotel, bookshelves and desks divide the space into separate areas for his separate jobs—Anthology business, *Film Culture*, "Movie Journal," and so on. He is currently under great pressure to secure new financing for Anthology. He still looks at dozens of new films each week and ministers to the ever-critical needs of independent filmmakers, who troop in and out of the Anthology office at all hours. (Filmmakers are heavy users of Anthology's Xerox machine.) Occasionally, he asks himself why the hell he doesn't just quit and concentrate on making his own films.

"I'm not too clear about it even yet," he said, in a reflective mood not long ago. "Maybe I did what I did—accomplished what I accomplished—only because of my indecision among a number of things. Maybe that's part of my character. I always think, Oh, I'm wasting my time. These last months, I am thinking that very much. And my films are sitting there in the hotel—hours and hours of footage waiting to be edited. But I will come to them sooner or later—some week when I do nothing else. There will be two other volumes of my film diaries, the first one taking in the period of the fifties and sixties—Brooklyn and Orchard Street, Barbara Rubin and Allen Ginsberg and all those people, the Women Strike for Peace, all those early protest marches. I have much footage on that. The second volume will go from 1969 to the present, whenever that happens to be."

In Lithuania today, Mekas is considered one of the most important living poets. His collected poems (four volumes in all) were published in his homeland for the first time in 1971, and quickly sold out. He is not a prolific poet—he may think about a poem for a year or more before he writes it down—and he feels he could never write poetry in any language except Lithuanian. But it seems likely that the qualities that distinguish him as a poet also mark his filmmaking, with its more or less international language. His "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches," in fact, may be one of the most authentically poetic films ever made, as well as one of the most personal. Barbara Rubin has called the film "a summary of everybody's trip in that whole period," and, in a sense, it can be seen as a marvellously inclusive home movie of the underground-film movement. The filmmakers who were Mekas's friends are there, along with Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, John Lennon and Yoko Ono, and dozens of others whose lives Mekas has touched. And the New York that they inhabited is there, too, with its dingy lofts and streets and cafeterias, its peace marches and Hare Krishna singers, and its great escape hatch of Central Park. But the medium through which we see these people and scenes is the camera eye that has become, after ten years of practice and experiment, a living extension of Mekas's unique sensibility. Each shot, each motion of the camera, each sound on the sound track (snatches of Chopin, street noises, Mekas narrating) is suffused with the presence of an "*auteur*" whom we come to know more intimately, perhaps, during the film's three hours than anyone has ever known him in person, and whose company wears extremely well. Up to now, Mekas has been known principally for his untiring efforts on behalf of other film artists. It would be a fine irony if his own "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches" should turn out to be, as some people already proclaim, the supreme achievement of the New American Cinema.

Discussing the film the other day, Mekas conceded that its point of view was deeply and sometimes unwittingly personal. Time and again throughout the film, for example, we see New York under a blanket of snow. "I thought I was shooting New York as it is," Mekas said, "but when I looked at the film I realized that my New York was a fantasy—that it does not really have so much snow. I was shooting my memories. Winter memories are very special to me. At home, everybody worked outside in the summer, but in the winter we all sat together in rooms, and so the memories of my childhood are very much of the winters. In my 'Diaries,' this city of steel and concrete becomes like a Walden, with trees and birds, the seasons very noticeable. What my 'Diaries' contain is maybe what I would like New York to be."

After a pause, he added, "And, you know, during the period when I was shooting the 'Diaries' I felt very much that New York was my city. On my way back to New York from somewhere else, I felt that I was coming home—that my real roots were here. But now I'm not so sure anymore. I feel now that I haven't found my real roots—that I have no place. I keep looking ahead and wondering."

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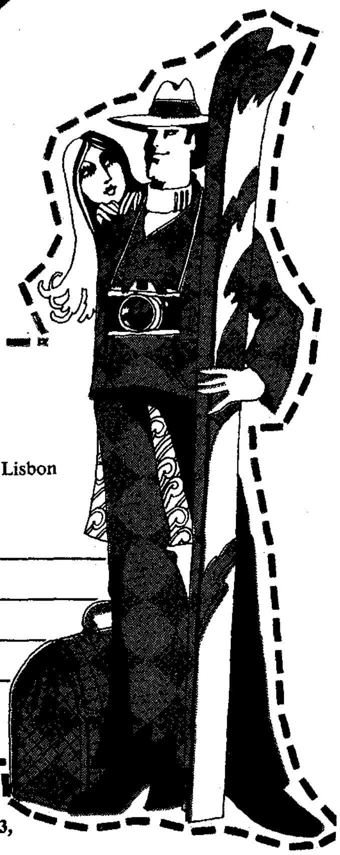

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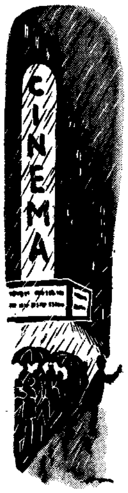
Flesh



“CRIES AND WHISPERS” is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where Agnes (Harriet Andersson), a spinster in her late thirties, is dying of cancer. Her two married sisters have come to attend her in her final agony—the older, the severe, tense Karin (Ingrid Thulin), and the shallow, ripe, adulterous Maria (Liv Ullmann)—and they watch and wait, along with the peasant servant Anna (Kari Sylwan). We see their interrelations, and the visions triggered by their being together waiting for death and, when it comes, by death itself. But the gliding memories, the slow rhythm of the women’s movements, the hands that search and touch, the large faces that fill the screen have the hypnotic style of a single dream. It is all one enveloping death fantasy; the invisible protagonist, Ingmar Bergman, is the presence we feel throughout, and he is the narrator. He is dreaming these fleshly images of women that loom in front of us, and dreaming of their dreams and memories.

Bergman is not a playful dreamer, as we already know from nightmarish films like “The Silence,” which seems to take place in a trance. He apparently thinks in images and links them together to make a film. Sometimes we may feel that we intuit the eroticism or the fears that lie behind the overwhelming moments in a Bergman movie, but he makes no effort to clarify. In a considerable portion of his work, the imagery derives its power from unconscious or not fully understood associations; that’s why, when he is asked to explain a scene, he may reply, “It’s just my poetry.” Bergman doesn’t always find ways to integrate this intense poetry with his themes. Even when he attempts to solve the problem by using the theme of a mental breakdown or a spiritual or artistic crisis, his intensity of feeling may explode the story elements, leaving the audience moved but bewildered. In a rare film such as “Shame,” the wartime setting provides roots for the anguish of the characters, and his ordering intelligence is in full control; more often the intensity appears to have a life of its own, apart from the situations, which don’t account for it and can’t fully express it. We come out of the theatre wondering about Bergman himself and what he was trying to do.

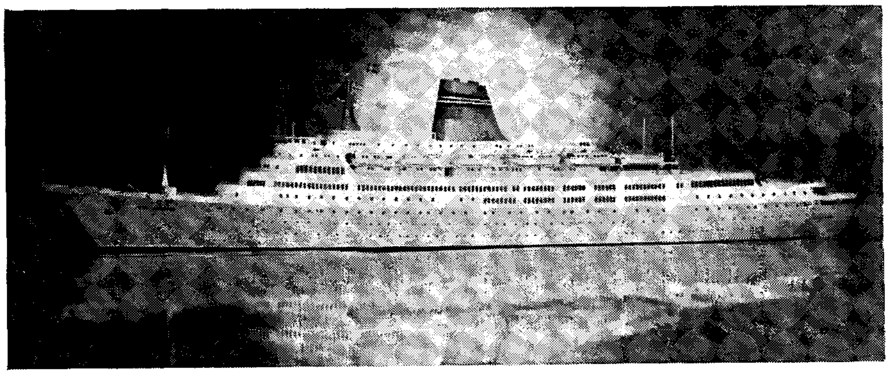
Like Bergman, his countryman Strindberg lacked a sovereign sense of reality, and he experimented with a technique that would allow him to abandon the forms that he, too, kept exploding. In his author’s note to the Expressionist “A Dream Play” (which Ingmar Bergman staged with great success in 1970), Strindberg wrote:

> The author has sought to reproduce the disconnected but apparently logical form of a dream. Anything can happen; everything is possible and probable. Time and space do not exist; on a slight groundwork of reality, imagination spins and weaves new patterns made up of memories, experiences, unfettered fancies, absurdities, and improvisations.
>
> The characters are split, double, and multiply; they evaporate, crystallize, scatter, and converge. But a single consciousness holds sway over them all—that of the dreamer. For him there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, and no law.

That is Bergman’s method here. “Cries and Whispers” has oracular power, and many people feel that when something grips them strongly it must be realistic; they may not want to recognize that being led into a dream world can move them so much. But I think it’s the stylized-dream-play atmosphere of “Cries and Whispers” that has made it possible for Bergman to achieve such strength. The detached imaginary world of the manor house becomes a heightened form of reality—more literal and solid, closer than the actual world. The film is emotionally saturated in female flesh—flesh as temptation and mystery. In almost every scene you’re aware of bodies and parts of bodies, of the quality of Liv Ullmann’s skin and the miniature worlds in the dying woman’s brilliant eyes. The almost empty rooms are stylized, and these female bodies inhabit them overpoweringly. The effect—a culmination of the visual emphasis on women’s faces in recent Bergman films—is intimate and hypnotic. We are put in the position of the little boy at the beginning of “Persona,” staring up at the giant women’s faces on the screen.

In the opening shots, the house is located in a series of autumnal landscapes of a formal park with twisted, writhing trees, and the entire film has a supernal quality. The incomparable cinematographer Sven Nykvist achieves the look of the paintings of the Norwegian Edvard Munch, as if the neurotic and the unconscious had become real enough to be photographed. But, unhappily, the freedom of the dream has sent Bergman back to Expressionism, which he had a heavy fling with in several of his very early films and in “The Naked Night,” some twenty years ago, and he returns to imagery drawn from the *fin de siècle*, when passion and decadence were one.

Bergman has often said that he likes to use women as his chief characters because women are more expressive. They have more talent for acting, he explained on the Dick Cavett show; they’re not ashamed of looking in the mirror, as men are, he said, and the camera is a kind of mirror. It would be easy to pass over this simplistic separation of the sexes as just TV-interview chitchat if Bergman were still dealing with modern women as characters (as in “Törst,” “Summer Interlude,” “Monika”), but the four women of “Cries and Whispers” are used as obsessive male visions of women. They are women as the Other, women as the mysterious, sensual goddesses of male fantasy. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman, as in Munch’s “The Dance of Life,” in which a man dances with a woman in red (passion) while a woman in white (innocence) and a woman in black (corruption, death) look on. Bergman divides woman into three and dresses the three sisters for their schematic roles: Harriet Andersson’s Agnes is the pure-white sister with innocent thoughts; Liv Ullmann’s Maria, with her red-gold hair, wears soft, alluring colors and scarlet-woman dresses with tantalizing plunging necklines; and Ingrid Thulin’s death-seeking Karin is in dark colors or black. The film itself is predominantly in black and white and red—red draperies, red wine, red carpets and walls, and frequent dissolves into a blank red screen, just as Munch frequently returned to red for his backgrounds, or even to cover a house (as in his famous “Red Virginia Creeper”). The young actress who plays Agnes as a child resembles Munch’s wasted, sick young girls, and the film draws upon the positioning and look of Munch’s figures, especially in Munch’s sickroom scenes and in his studies of the laying out of a corpse. “Cries and Whispers” seems to be part of the art from the age of syphilis, when the erotic was charged with peril—when pleasure was represented by an enticing woman who turned into a grinning figure of death. “All our interiors are red, of various



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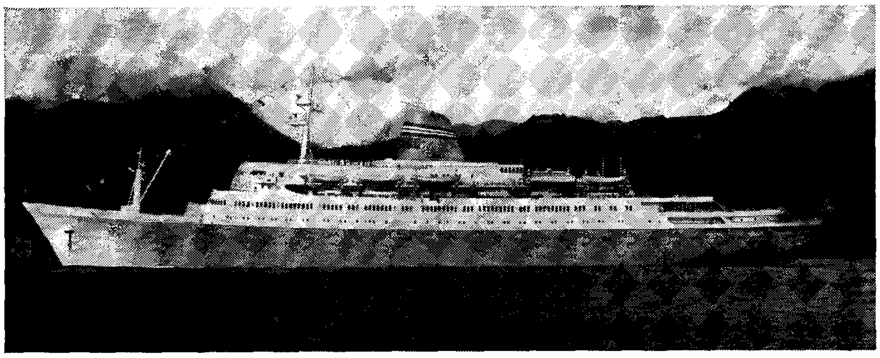

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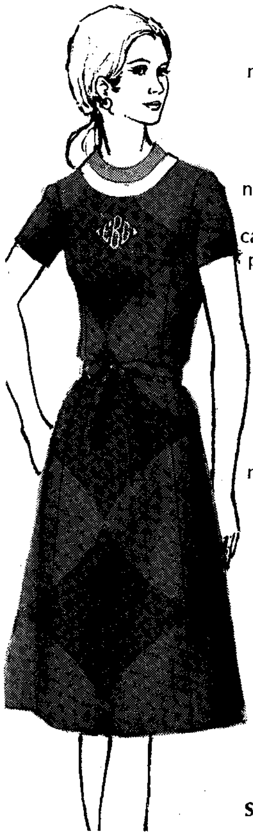

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"shades," Bergman wrote in the story (published in this magazine, October 21, 1972) that was also the working script. "Don't ask me why it must be so, because I don't know," he went on. "Ever since my childhood I have pictured the inside of the soul as a moist membrane in shades of red."

The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express psychic impulses, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Yet these images are not discoveries, as they were for Munch, but a vocabulary of shock and panic to draw upon. Munch convinces us that he has captured the inner stress; Bergman doesn't quite convince, though we're impressed and we're held by the smoothness of the dreamy progression of events. The film moves with such eerie slow grace that it almost smothers its own faults and absurdities. I had the divided awareness that almost nothing in it quite works and, at the same time, that the fleshiness of those big bodies up there and the pull of the dream were strong and, in a sense, did make everything work—even the hopeless musical interludes (a Chopin mazurka, and a Bach suite for unaccompanied cello played romantically) and the robotized performances of all but Harriet Andersson. Still, there's a dullness at the heart of the movie, and the allegorical scheme leads to scenes that recall the conventions of silent films and the clichés of second-rate movie acting. The dying Agnes is devout as well as innocent. Liv Ullmann's Maria seduces a visiting doctor with the telegraphic leering of a Warner Brothers dance-hall hostess. Her conversation with him is a variant of the old "You're dirt, but so am I; we deserve each other," and the picture supports the doctor's view of her—that her physical desires and flirtatiousness are signs of laziness and vacuity. And that peasant Anna—the selfless, almost mute servant, close to nature, happy to do anything for the three sisters—has the proud-slave cast of mind that is honored in barrelfuls of old fiction. When Anna bares her breast to make a soft pillow for the dying Agnes, and, later, when she gets into bed, with her thighs up, supporting the dead Agnes in a sculptural pose that suggests both a "Pietà" and "The Rape of Europa," these are Bergman's visions of the inner life of a peasant mindlessly in harmony with the earth. The latter pose is altogether extraordinary, yet the very concept of Anna as a massive mound of comforting flesh takes one back (beyond childhood) to an earlier era. "Cries and Whispers" feels like a nine-

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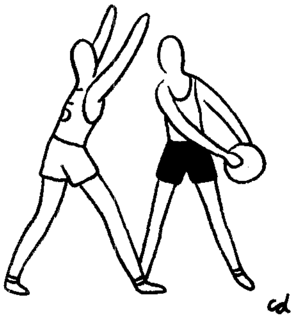
teenth-century European masterwork in a twentieth-century art form.

The words, which are often enigmatic, are unsuccessful attempts to support the effects achieved by the images. Most of Ingrid Thulin's acting as Karin belongs in a frieze of melodrama, alongside such other practitioners of the stately-stony dragon lady in torment as Gale Sondergaard and Cornelia Otis Skinner. Karin shuts her eyes to blot out her own despair and expresses herself in such dialogue as "I can't breathe anymore because of the guilt" and "Don't touch me!" and "It's all a tissue of lies." Most of her lines can be reduced to "Oh, the torment of it all!"—which actually isn't much of a reduction. That's how she talks when she isn't prowling the halls suffering. The suicidal, hate-filled Karin represents Bergman's worst failure in the movie. She escapes from the stereotype only twice—in a moment of manic humor when she complains of her disobedient big hands while wiggling them, and when she acts out a startling Expressionist fantasy of self-mutilation (followed by more lip-licking pleasure than the fantasy can quite accommodate). It is the advantage of the dream-play form that these two scenes appear to belong here, and people don't have to puzzle about them afterward, as they did with comparable passages in, say, "The Silence." If Bergman can't make us accept the all-purpose complaints about guilt and suffering that are scattered through his films, his greatest single feat as a movie craftsman is that he can prepare an atmosphere that leads us to accept episodes brimming with hysteria in almost any makeshift context. Here, as Strindberg formulated, the dream context itself makes everything probable; the dreamer leads, the viewer follows. In "Cries and Whispers" Bergman is a wizard at building up a scene to a memorable image and then quickly dissolving into the red that acts as a fixative. The movie is structured as a series of red-outs. We know as we see these images disintegrate before our eyes that we will be taking them home with us. But Bergman doesn't have Strindberg's deviltry and dash; he uses a dreamlike atmosphere but not the language of dreams. He stays with his obsessional images, and his repressed, grave temperament infects even his technical surrender to the dream. (Strindberg, by contrast, was making twentieth-century masterworks in a nineteenth-century art form.)

Who knows how we would react if someone came back from the dead? But here, as in an old Hollywood movie, everyone reacts as scheduled. When Agnes's decaying corpse speaks, pleading for Karin to comfort her, Karin says she won't, because she doesn't love her; Agnes calls next for Maria, who also fails the test, fleeing in horror when the dead woman tries to kiss her. It is, of course, as we knew it would be, the peasant-lump Anna who is not afraid of holding the dead woman. This gothic-fairy-tale test of love is shown as Anna's dream, but it is also integral to the vision of the film, which is about the sick souls of the landed-gentry bourgeoisie. I think it is *because* Bergman lacks the gift for bringing order out of his experiences that he falls back on this schematism. It would be ludicrous if he similarly divided "man." The men in the movie are a shade small—so narrowly realistic they're less than life-size—while the women are more than a shade too splendidly large and strange: allegorical goddesses to be kept in the realm of mystery; never women, always facets of "woman."

Death dreams that come equipped with ticking clocks and uncanny silences and the racked wheezes of the dying are not really very classy, and Bergman's earnest use of gothic effects seems particularly questionable now, arriving just after Buñuel, in "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," has turned them on and off, switching to the spooky nocturnal as a movie joke. But even when Bergman employs sophisticated versions of primitive gothic-horror devices, he is so serious that his dream play is cued to be some sort of morality play as well. Other chaotic artists (Lorca, for example, in his dream play "If Five Years Pass") haven't been respected in the same way as Bergman, because their temperaments weren't moralistic. But Bergman has a winning combination here: moral + gothic = medieval. And when medieval devices are used in the atmosphere of bourgeois decadence, adults may become as vulnerable as superstitious children.



Bergman is unusual among film artists in that he is an artist in precisely those terms drawn from the other arts which some of us have been trying to free movie aesthetics from. He is the movie director that those who are not generally interested in movies can rec-

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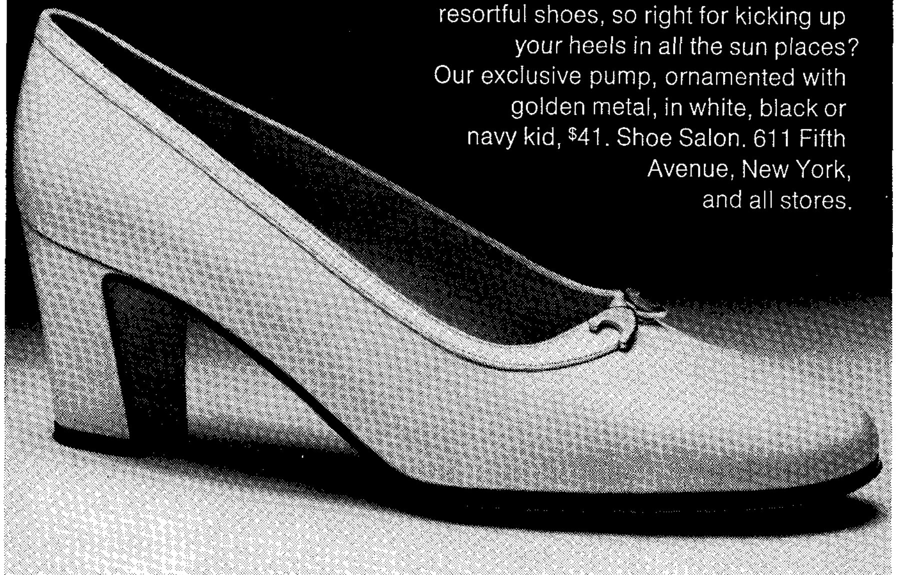

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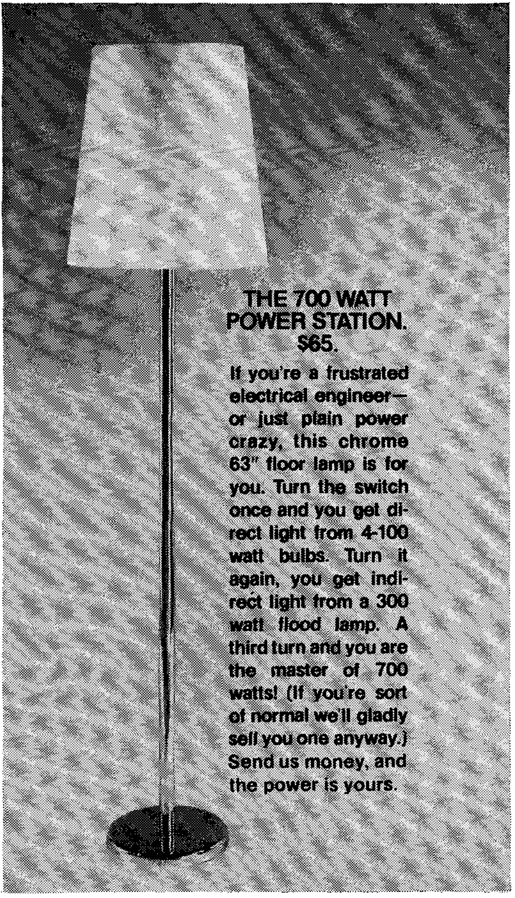

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ognize as an artist, because of the persistent gloom and weight of his work. It is his lack of an entertaining common touch—a lack that is extremely unusual among theatrical artists and movie artists—that has put him on a particular pinnacle. His didact's temperament has obtained this position for him, and although he is a major film artist, it's an absurd position, since he is a didact of the inscrutable. He *programs* mystery. "Cries and Whispers" features long scenes in which the camera scans the faces of Liv Ullmann and Ingrid Thulin as they talk and touch and kiss (scenes similar to the ones that led some people to assume that the sisters in "The Silence" were meant to be Lesbians); the camera itself may be part of the inspiration for these scenes, and perhaps some male fantasy of Sisterhood Is Powerful. The eroticism of this vision of sisterly love is unmistakable, yet the vision also seems to represent what Bergman takes to be natural to women. The dreamer, fascinated, is excluded from what he observes, like the staring, obsessed boy in "Persona." This film is practically a ballet of touching, with hands, like the hands of the blind, always reaching for faces, feeling the flesh and bones. Maria's husband touches her face after she has committed adultery, and feels her guilt. Touching becomes a ritual of soul-searching, and Karin, whose soul has been rotted away, is, of course, the one who fears contact, and the one who violates the graceful ballet by—unforgivably—slapping Anna. Even the dead Agnes's hands reach up to touch and to hold. Didacticism and erotic mystery are mingled—this is Bergman as a northern Fellini. Strindberg's dream plays do not have the great tensions of the plays in which he struggled to express his ferocity, and this movie, compellingly beautiful as it is, comes too easily to Bergman. The viewer can sink back and bask in flesh, but to keep scanning woman as the Other doesn't get any of us anywhere.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLISH MOTORIST

[*From the Countryman*]

READERS' MOTORING TALES—146

Breasting the top of a hill, I saw a ginger cat carefully walking down the centre white line of the road. As I gained on it, it continued imperturbably on its way; so when only a few yards from it I blew my horn. The cat shot straight up in the air, all four legs stiff and every hair on end, spun round, landed and hurtled across the road into the hedge.

—*D. Davies.*

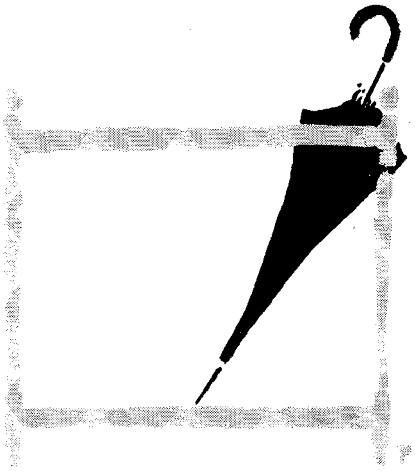
U.S. JOURNAL: SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

A PUBLIC HEARING ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

I DID not find it surprising that a confrontation widely heralded as a modern version of the 1925 Monkey Trial would have a title like Public Hearing—Instructional Materials in Science. Times have changed. It was also understandable that the sponsors of the hearing, the California State Board of Education, would require any citizen who wished to testify to submit thirty copies of his text in advance and to limit himself to five minutes at the podium. A jury of twelve of John Scopes's peers in Dayton, Tennessee, may have been able to sit indefinitely while Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan unloosed great extemporaneous bursts of oratory on whether or not evolution could be mentioned in the public schools, but the California State Board of Education obviously has to organize its time better than that. Everyone who spoke at the hearing—some forty citizens—coöperated with the five-minute limitation. Nobody raised his voice. Despite California's reputation as a way station for a spectacular variety of Christians who know the one path to Heaven, there was no sign of the kind of evangelical entertainment that H.L. Mencken recorded outside the courthouse in Dayton. ("There was a friar wearing a sandwich sign announcing that he was the Bible champion of the world," Mencken wrote. "There was a Seventh-day Adventist arguing that Clarence Darrow was the beast with seven heads and ten horns described in Revelation XIII, and that the end of the world was at hand. There was an evangelist made up like Andy Gump, with the news that atheists in Cincinnati were preparing to descend upon Dayton, hang the eminent Judge Raulston, and burn the town.") At the California hearing, the most effective spokesman for what people in Dayton would have called the Lord's Side was no self-ordained preacher of the True and Regular Baptists but the Governor's appointee to the California Curriculum Development and Supplemental Materials Commission—an engineer who said that he merely wanted to offer special creation as a "viable hypothesis for origins." Almost nobody on the Lord's Side these days ever refers to himself and his allies as fundamentalists or true believers or Christians. They are all creationists.

A modern version of the Monkey Trial is necessarily complicated. The hearing had been called by the State Board of Education to gather public opinion before it acted on its Curriculum Commission's recommendations for new grade-school science textbooks—the first new science texts to be adopted since 1969, when the board, to the officially stated horror of its scientific advisory committee, inserted into some guidelines called the Science Framework a couple of paragraphs indicating that evolution was a good scientific way to explain some phenomena and special creation was a good scientific way to explain others. But the Curriculum Commission, while presenting resolutions more or less in sympathy with the creationists, seemed to recommend the sort of standard modern textbooks it would have recommended if the argument over origins had never come up. Listening to the reports and resolutions and clarifications, I thought for a while that the issue Darrow and Bryan argued had been lost in modern educational bureaucracy. Then a creationist stood at the microphone reading from a volume-by-volume investigation he had made to uncover instances of evolutionary teaching in the proposed texts—a nicely printed report, submitted in the required thirty copies, which revealed that on page 194 of a certain sixth-grade science textbook, in a discussion of how the earth was formed, " 'millions of years' is referred to seven times."

THE creationist who carried out the volume-by-volume investigation has a doctorate in chemistry. He was identified on the list of speakers as a science consultant for the Creation-Science Research Center, whose members happen to believe that the Bible is the written Word of God but tend to support the argument for special creation not with Biblical quotations but with treatises on carbon-dating methods and claims that mega-evolution is not supported by fossils of transitional forms. A number of the creationist witnesses at the hearing had advanced degrees, although a lot of the degrees tended to be in fields like aerospace engineering rather than molecular biology. One organization in the creationist movement—the Creation Research Society—carries on its business under the rule that only members with postgraduate degrees in science can vote. Modern creationists would not think of attacking Darwinism as the work of the Devil. They merely say that presenting it in schools to the exclusion of other theories is "faulty science." The board member who led the forces asking that special creation be recognized in the Science Framework, a San Diego physician named John Ford, is a Seventh-day Adventist, and he acknowledges that he was personally offended by the explanation of origins that was then in the Framework. (It said, "A soup of amino acid-like molecules, formed in pools some three billion years ago, interacted with oxygen and other elemental constituents of the earth, probably giving rise to the first organization of matter which possessed the properties of life," which is not the way Dr. Ford had heard it at all.) But it is impossible to imagine Dr. Ford preaching about a beast with seven heads or predicting the end of the world. He is solely interested, he says, in "a scientifically valid discussion of alternatives for how the universe, life, and man began." During the entire day of the hearing, I saw only one creationist with a placard, and it said nothing about salvation or Judgment Day. It was a chart of a hydrogen atom, and he intended to use it during his allotted time to help him demonstrate that a certainty about the theory of evolution flies in the face of certain laws of quantum mechanics. "It's hard to explain quantum mechanics in five minutes," he said when he was finally called to the podium, late in the afternoon. "But I'll try."



In resolutions sent to the California State Board of Education, such organizations as the National Academy of Sciences have argued that the Biblical version of creation is a religious story that has no place in a science classroom, but the scientific community could hardly be more emphatic than the creationists in statements against allowing religion to creep into the public schools. What the State of California is doing now, the creationists argued at the hearing, is selectively in-

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doctrinating children with one unproved theory—a theory that, when taught as the only acceptable explanation of origins, is merely a "doctrine of secular humanism." That may be an antitheistic religion, the creationists say, but it is still a religion. When the Curriculum Commission recommended that "dogmatism be changed to conditional statements where speculation is offered as explanation for origins," the dogma it referred to was the theory of evolution. In a creationist speech at the hearing, it was common to hear a phrase like "Darwin and his apostles" or a question like "Is Darwin sacred?"

The campaign against Darwinism in the California schools was started by two housewives, who did so on the theory that a Christian child in a tax-supported school has as much right to be protected from the dogmas of atheism as an atheist child has to be protected from prayer. ("My children come home and they have been taught that man came from an amoeba," one of the antievolution speakers said. "And I say, 'That's not true. God created you.'") Fundamentalists no longer present themselves as true believers protecting the orthodoxy of eternal truths from heretics but as an oppressed minority whose children are forced to listen to the sermons of antitheism in the same way that Jewish children are sometimes forced to sit through "Silent Night" at the annual Christmas pageant. Late in the hearing, a young man appeared as an attorney for the California Justice Foundation, which he described as a foundation dedicated to the individual Constitutional rights of all citizens. He argued that, as a matter of law, justice, and academic freedom, both theories of the origin of species be presented in California public schools. "All we ask," he said, "is that the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment be applied." Times have changed.

About halfway through the hearing, I realized that before a speaker at the podium began to speak it was usually possible to tell which side he was going to be on. A man in a tweed sports coat or a well-cut suit was almost certain to argue in an educated accent for evolution. He might be an Episcopal or Presbyterian churchman who had come to state that introducing the creation story into the classroom would be a violation of the separation of church and state, or that the Genesis account was not to be taken literally, being merely one of many creation myths developed by primitive peoples. He might be a scientist from Berkeley or Stanford who had come to argue that all of the talk about Darwin's theory's being untestable and lacking the supporting evidence of transitional forms was based on ignorance of modern scientific research, or that, as Thomas H. Jukes, of the University of California at Berkeley, testified, the principle of equal time for various theories in science teaching should not apply to "teaching such theories as that the moon may be made of green cheese or that babies are brought by storks." The man who approached the microphone in a shiny suit and a skinny tie was likely to be a Baptist minister or a fundamentalist engineer who would inform the board members—in the twang often heard among Californians whose families came from Oklahoma—that his children were being ridiculed for believing that they were creatures of God, or that his own fossil-dating method showed Dr. Leakey to be in error by some million and a half years. What divided evolutionists and creationists at the hearing was not the number of degrees they held but the width of their lapels and the flatness of their accents. In California, it turns out, the origin of species is a class issue.

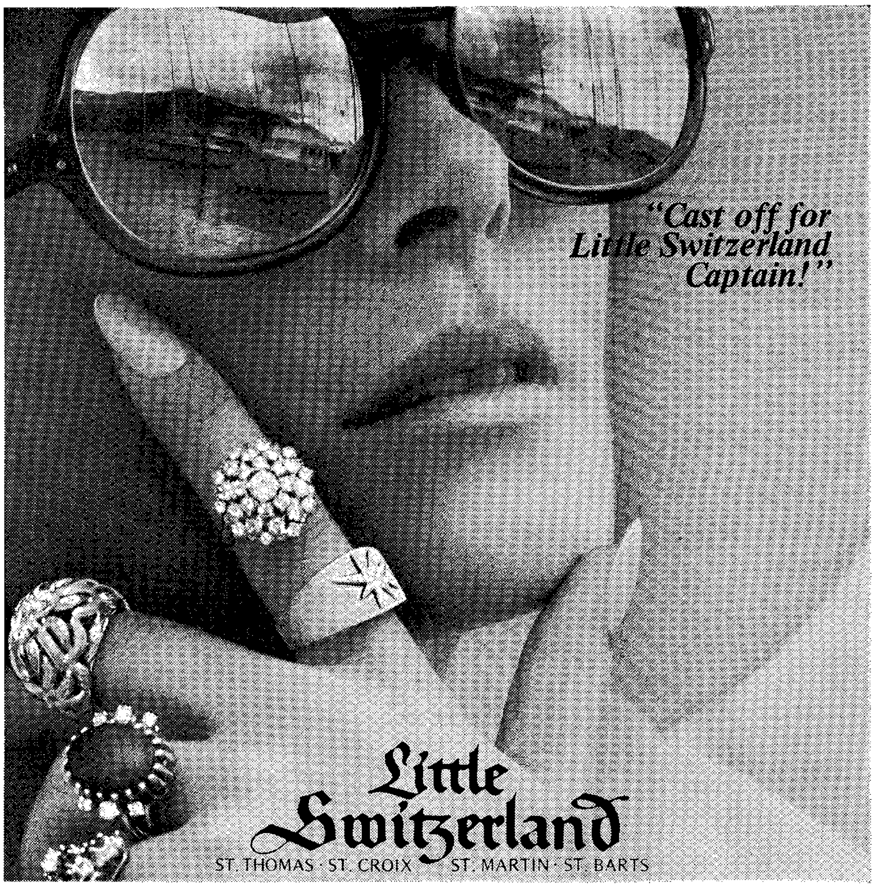
THE special interest shown by the California State Board of Education in how the subject of origins is presented has been criticized by some as political interference in scholarship, but political interference in scholarship is, of course, a normal part of textbook selection. What textbooks say depends partly on what the public is willing to hear. American textbooks and Mexican textbooks do not contain the same version of the Mexican-American War. The inspection the creationists made of the proposed textbooks for evidence of evolutionary indoctrination was not the only volume-by-volume survey made of the books. A Report on Treatment of Ethnic and Racial Minorities, prepared by a member of the Curriculum Commission, criticized some books that showed pictures of blacks, Mexican-Americans, and whites but left out Asians and American Indians. "On page 23," it said of one book, "the picture of the black child in the boat with garbage in the water may be considered stereotyping and should, therefore, be changed or removed."

This year, for the first time, the Science Committee of the Curriculum Commission carried out a separate survey to make sure that the science books under consideration did not leave the impression that all scientists are men.

The significant change since the last science books were adopted, six years ago, has not been in the number of women scientists but in the political strength of the women's movement. At least one board member thought that the strongest rebuttal to the argument of the fundamentalists was the presence of a spokesman for the Buddhists, just one of a dozen legitimate minorities with a stake in the decision, who informed the board that the creation story was contrary to his religious beliefs. ("In the complexities of causes and subcauses, one cause cannot be isolated, and is hidden within the myriads of subcauses or conditions," he informed the board. "For this reason, the one-cause concept such as the divine creation cannot be accepted by the Buddhists.")

As it turns out, the fundamentalists in California have enough power to see to it that no new science textbook makes a statement about how many millions of years the earth has existed without including some qualifier like "many scientists believe" but not enough power to see to it that special creation is presented as one way to explain origins—just as the Mexican-Americans in California may have enough power to see to it that social-science textbooks include them in photographs but not enough power to see to it that history textbooks contain a version of the battle of the Alamo that would be recognizable to a Mexican historian. At its regular meeting a month after the Public Hearing—Instructional Materials in Science, the board officially adopted the recommended textbooks, subject to some editing. As a routine step in the process of textbook adoption in California, the staff of the State Department of Education works with publishers to make any changes it considers necessary before contracts are signed. To make changes in the new science texts, the board formed a committee that includes some people from outside the department (including Dr. Ford) and decreed that, in its negotiations with publishers, the committee must follow two Curriculum Commission recommendations about avoiding dogmatism. A third Curriculum Commission recommendation, which was regarded as a loophole for introducing the creation story in science texts, was not mentioned.

No one expects any problems with the publishers. A textbook order from a state the size of California may be worth millions of dollars, and textbook publishers have not developed a reputation for being haughty about accepting editorial suggestions from out-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siders. In fact, some of them, aware of the paragraphs that had been placed in the Science Framework, offered some optional changes in new science textbooks before any were asked for—apparently having come to a decision that the case for Darwin's theory of evolution was not quite as compelling as they had once thought it was. The American Book Company provided not only its standard science textbooks but a set of books that had typewritten proposed changes pasted in. If the Board of Education so decided, the changes indicated, California fourth graders would not read, for instance, "Scientists think that the Earth was formed with the rest of the solar system billions of years ago"—the information being given to fourth graders in other states. Instead, they would read, "All scientists do not agree on when and how the Earth was formed. Some have questioned whether it had a beginning. Many scientists think the Earth was formed with the rest of the solar system billions of years ago. Others believe in a special creation of the universe not nearly so long ago." (The Curriculum Commission recommended the texts in the unaltered version.) One textbook company whose books were not recommended by the commission proposed a version of its fourth-grade text that would have replaced the national edition's section on archeological discoveries of primitive man with a reproduction of Michelangelo's painting of the creation—an all-white depiction of Man and his Maker that, Thomas Jukes reminded the board, was "ethnically dubious." Holt, Rinehart & Winston also submitted some changes that indicated a willingness to free itself from dogmatism. In a proposed text provided by Holt, a California fourth grader would be presented with the question "What does science say about who made the world and why?" and with the answer "Nothing."

—Calvin Trillin

•

> It was one of the night's surprises—Tricia Nixon Cox, America's own little blonde princess in her fairy princess white dress and long shiny blonde hair.
>
> In they went. Tricia sat ladylike on a coral leather ham who crouched at her feet, the skirt of her aqua jersey dress fanning out about her.
>
> Suddenly, as if by magic, the party came to life.
>
> —*Los Angeles Times.*

Up sprang the coral leather ham, and they were off and running.

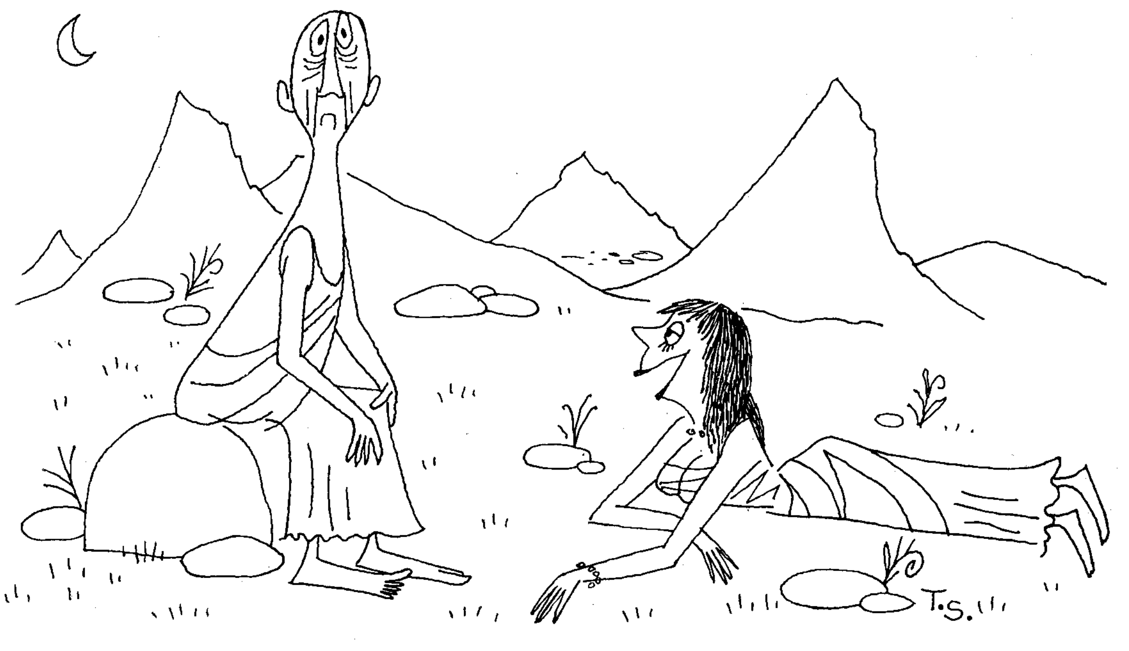
MUSICAL EVENTS

Network Message

NOT all operas are political, but some of the greatest operas contain a political element, and perhaps it is listeners with sharpened political sympathies who respond most keenly to, say, "The Marriage of Figaro," "Fidelio," "Don Carlos," the "Ring," "Wozzeck"—and Kurt Weill's "The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny." Mahagonny is, in the words of its founder, Widow Begbick, a "city of nets" spread to catch fowl worth the eating. Weill's opera—chosen by the Opera Society of Washington for its first production of the season, in Kennedy Center, and due again in April from the Opera Company of Boston—is itself a reticulate work that continues to trap many kinds of human and political experience. In this it is like the "Ring," and unlike many operas written by men who may have their hearts in the right place but give to their work no more than local and topical, and hence fleeting, significance—or by men who, quite simply, do not compose very good music. The allegory of "Mahagonny" is no more cut-and-dried, straightforward, or pat than that of the "Ring." "Do not forget," said Bernard Shaw (in "The Perfect Wagnerite," still the best introduction to Wagner's masterpiece), "that an allegory is never quite consistent except when it is written by someone without dramatic faculty." Neither Weill nor Bertolt Brecht, his librettist, lacked dramatic faculty. Shaw's four successive prefaces to "The Perfect Wagnerite," dating from 1898 to 1922, reinforce his point. In the last of them, he writes of "Rhinemaidens walking out with British Tommies . . . Marx enthroned in Russia, pistolled Romanoffs, fugitive Hapsburgs. . . . All this has so changed the political atmosphere in which Wagner lived . . . that it says much for the comprehensiveness of his grasp of things that his allegory should still be valid and important." "Mahagonny" is not so comprehensive or so important a work as the "Ring" (though it is one of the most important operas of our century), but what it shows and sings of likewise remains "frightfully real, frightfully present, frightfully modern."

Social "relevance" is no new thing. Operas have long been composed with an express political purpose. Hundreds of eighteenth-century pieces extolled, in mythic or classical analogy, the wisdom, benignity, and clemency of the rulers at whose courts they were first performed. A few others were critical: Beaumarchais' "Le Mariage de Figaro" was still a banned play in Vienna when Mozart used it for music. When I cited "Figaro" in my first sentence, I did not, of course, mean to suggest anything so silly as that the piece is primarily a political opera. "Figaro" is above all a human comedy and a musical exploration of love in all its aspects: full-hearted, all-forgiving love, lust, flirtation, possessive jealousy, suspicion, the hurt of betrayal—a gamut that includes Marcellina's championing of women's rights and Don Basilio's bachelor cynicism. But a performance of "Figaro" must nevertheless be deemed incomplete that at no point reminds us, on a historical plane, that in 1786 the Revolution was but three years away, and, on a topical plane, that Almavivas—men who think that by rank or riches they are entitled to privileges unjustified by character or accomplishment—are with us still.

The part that nineteenth-century opera then played in formulating political sentiment is well known. The Brussels riots of 1830, which drove the Dutch from the country, broke out after a performance of Auber's "Muette de Portici." Verdi's early biographer, Folchetto, noted that in "Nabucco" and "I Lombardi" the composer "began—at first, I would say almost instinctively—to serve political ends with his music. . . . Foreigners will never be able to understand the influence exerted, during a certain period, by the ardent, impassioned melodies to which Verdi set situations, or even single lines, that recalled the unhappy state of Italy, or her memories, or her hopes. The public found allusions everywhere." So the "abhorred embrace" of an elderly guardian from which Elvira, heroine of "Ernani," calls upon her lover to rescue her was equated with Austrian rule. A stirring line in "Attila"—"You can have the universe, provided I keep Italy!"—roused inordinate enthusiasm, though in context it is cried by an Italian traitor proposing a deal with the Hun. Today, while these things slip through the net, other emotions may be caught. In Verdi's "Don Carlos," Posa announces that he has come "from a country once so fair! It is now but a desert of ashes, a place of horror, a tomb! There, the orphan who goes begging and weeping through the streets stumbles, as he flees from the fires, over human bodies! Blood reddens the water of the rivers; they flow laden with corpses. The air is loud with the shrieks of widows mourning their slaughtered husbands!" The ruler who has ordered the destruction of a country and its people replies coolly that this is the price at which he intends to buy peace. Aghast, Posa exclaims, "The peace of a cemetery! O King! Let not future ages say, at the mention of your name: He was Nero!" "*Il fut Néron!*" To the mind of the



"Oh, come off it, Methuselah! Seven hundred and eighty-two isn't old!"

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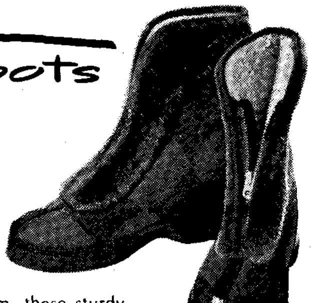

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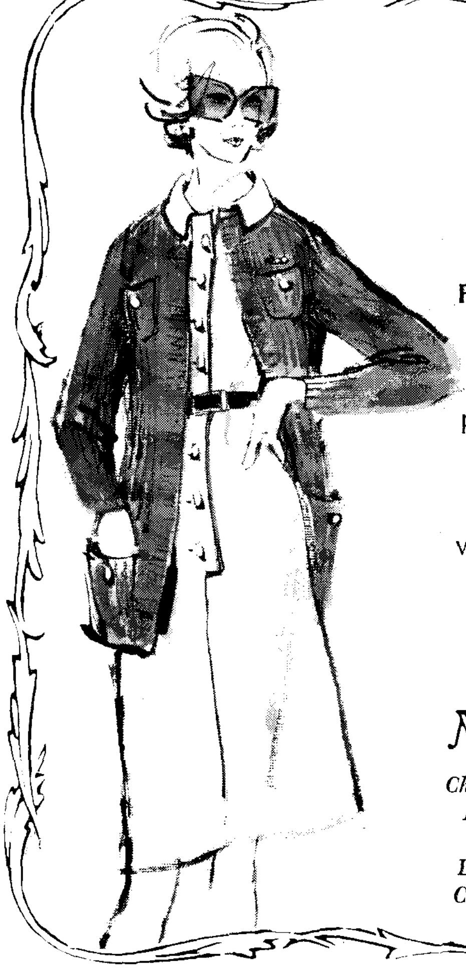
baritone who sings these words, and to the minds of an audience from whom their directness has not been cloaked by our fondness for hearing our operas sung in foreign tongues, another name than Nero's must now occur.

"All a poet can do is to warn;" Britten set Wilfred Owen's words as epigraph to his "War Requiem." "It is only the poet," said Shaw, "with his vision of what life might be, to whom these things ["our sordid capitalist systems, driven by invisible proprietorship, robbing the poor, defacing the earth"] are unendurable." J. M. R. Lenz's play of 1776, "Die Soldaten," dealing with the moral degradation brought about by military life, and Bernd Zimmermann's opera drawn from it in 1959 both warned of things that have come to pass. The poets', the playwrights', and the opera composers' warnings have often been censored. In the Archives Nationales, in Paris, we can read the comments of Napoleon III's Imperial Ministry of Fine Arts on the speech of Posa cited above, and especially on Posa's cry of *"Donnez à vos enfants, Sire, la liberté!"* "This cry, which a great composer will surely not fail to invest with all the fire and all the intensity his art can muster—can it be uttered without danger in the present circumstances?" Not only Verdi but such apparently uncommitted spirits as Bellini and Donizetti felt the hand of the censor. Sometimes the objections were ecclesiastical (all those betrothals before notaries reflect a ban on the stage representation of sacraments), sometimes monarchical ("Maria Stuarda," in which a queen confesses to murder, could not be played unaltered in Naples; at the dress rehearsal the Queen of Naples had fainted). In the Soviet Union, censorship still acknowledges the power of art to affect people's thoughts. Few composers have suffered so thorough a suppression of their work as Kurt Weill. The series of pieces begun in 1927 in collaboration with Brecht—notably, "The Threepenny Opera," "Mahagonny," and "The Seven Deadly Sins"—had established Weill as the most important theatre composer of his country, after Strauss. Then, in 1933, the Nazis imposed a total ban on his music. From abroad, scores and orchestral materials were recalled by the publishers, and destroyed along with the material still in Germany. In this country, the exiled composer wrote musicals, but the Weill of the great years was effectively silenced. He died in 1950. It was not until the mid-fifties that the major works began to be heard again, and the process of rediscovery, and of actual physical reconstruction of his music from precious sources that survived the Nazi decree, still continues.

Several revivals, particularly of "Mahagonny," have been bedevilled by two misconceptions. First, that this music is exclusively an emanation from the Berlin of the late twenties: enjoyable enough but not to be taken very seriously—only with a grain of affectionate, slightly patronizing nostalgia (a corollary of this is that Jenny is a role for a night-club *diseuse* rather than the lyric soprano of Weill's intention). The perceptive critic T. W. Adorno, after a Berlin production in 1931, called this a "misconception of *élan*, jazz, and infernal entertainment." To hear no more than that in "Mahagonny" is like hearing no more in "Figaro" than the tunes the Prague citizens danced quadrilles to and whistled in the streets. The second misconception derives from Brecht's having appended his notorious essay on "culinary opera" to the published text of the libretto. "Mahagonny" is treated as if it were a Brecht play with incidental music, whereas it is an opera through and through, one that "works" in exactly the ways of traditional opera. Neither misconception marred the very intelligent, very impressive Washington performance, produced by Ian Strasfogel and conducted by Gunther Schuller. The musical values of a score with its roots in Bach, Mozart, and Mahler were fully realized by Mr. Schuller, his orchestra, and his cast of opera singers. Mr. Strasfogel and his designers, Douglas W. Schmidt (scenery) and Jeanne Button (costumes), cunningly avoided the too specific location, either in Berlin or in the Wild West, that reduces the scope of the allegory.

It strikes me that the opening paragraphs of "The Perfect Wagnerite," which provides so many texts apt to "Mahagonny," may actually have suggested to Brecht and Weill the plot of their opera. Shaw's essay appeared in German in 1907. It begins, "Let us assume for a moment that you are a young and good-looking woman. Try to imagine yourself in that character at Klondyke five years ago [he was writing in 1898]. The place is teeming with gold. If you are content to leave the gold alone, as the wise leave flowers without plucking them, enjoying with perfect naïveté its color and glitter and preciousness, no human being will ever be the worse for your knowledge of it. . . . Now suppose a man comes along . . . a man with common desires, cupidities, ambitions, just like most of the men you know." In time, the gold finds its way to the great cities; there, as in Klondyke, men turn their backs on love "and upon all the fruitful, creative, life-pursuing activities into which the loftiest human energy can develop it," and single-heartedly set about gathering gold "in an exultant dream of wielding its Plutonic powers." The inevitable course, says Shaw, "is plain enough to those who have the power of understanding what they see as they look at the plutocratic societies of our modern capitals." It is the course charted by "Mahagonny." The drop curtain of the Washington production was a frieze of dollar bills in which the portrait of George Washington had been replaced by a golden calf. In the great finale, people bearing banners parade to the strains of a Mahlerian funeral march that gathers up into its tread all the main melodies of the opera. Brecht and Weill several times revised the slogans inscribed on these banners; Mr. Strasfogel boldly left them blank, and let a more terrible image on the back cloth, an inferno of devastation by roaring fire, remind us what love-denying, life-denying pursuit of the golden calf can lead to. Between these "statements" he avoided, as some other producers of "Mahagonny" have not, any obvious attempt to jolt a comfortable audience into realizing what the music is about.

Jolts are not needed. Weill's music is ever apt to get under people's skin and rouse violent emotions, prompt almost hysterical denunciation or enthusiasm. Adorno in that 1931 review spoke of "music with a circumspect sharpness which by means of its leaps and sidesteps *makes articulate* something which the song public would prefer not to know about." (Operas are written to make articulate something more than words alone can say.) A professor at London's Royal College of Music used to cite "Mahagonny" as an instance of positively *evil* music. The music of "Mahagonny" gets under my own skin to an extent that almost makes me distrust the passionate admiration I feel for it—the tingling of the scalp and coursing of the blood that are set off by a glance at almost any page of the vocal score. I can take refuge in cool analysis, demonstrate how a four-note musical "cell" (it could be represented as G-sharp, A, E, D), first heard in the phrases to which Begbick founds the city, generates all the main melodies; how it gathers power in the D-minor music of the hurricane, and then releases tension in



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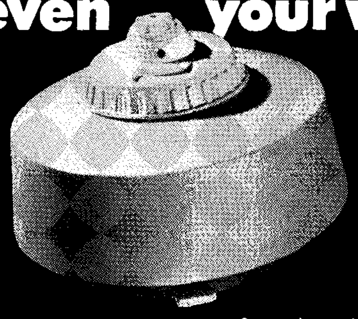

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the major of Jenny's "As you make your bed, you must lie there;" how its omnipresence provides a sound reason for the finale's being no mere potpourri reprise but a clinching and overwhelming musical statement. I can praise Weill's harmony, his textures (those neoclassical inventions sustained over firm basses), his orchestration, his judging of the instrumental comment on a vocal line, his precise control of form. But these things are not enough to explain the feeling of joy in men's and women's goodness that floods me as I hear the score, mingling with the horrified contemplation of our society's wickedness.

It is not a flawless work. Before "Mahagonny," Weill and Brecht had written a "Mahagonny Songspiel" that had no consecutive plot; the "Songspiel" numbers were later incorporated into the new dramatic structure, but some of them fit awkwardly. The "God-game" episode seems to me musically on a lower level. The "Crane Duet," though it is a beautiful piece of music, has no place in the scene of commercial love. Weill inserted this setting of one of Brecht's early love sonnets only when the original version of the scene proved unpalatable to managements, but he insisted that the original version should be used once theatres had the "courage" to do so. Washington left the duet in the love scene; it works only a little better when moved to Act III. A translation by Arnold Weinstein and Lys Symonette was used—less musically sensitive than the version of David Drew and Michael Geliot. "The dice rolls the way you have cast it; win or lose: it is all up to you" is at once less singable, less sensible, and further from the German than "As you make your bed, you must lie there, and no one will care what you do." (As a matter of fact, neither version correctly articulates the melody to which "*Denn wie man sich bettet, / so liegt man*" is set.) The Drew-Geliot "We *need* no roaring hurricane" puts a strong word on the strong beat of "*Wir brauchen keinen Hurrikan*," where Weinstein-Symonette have "We *do* not need a hurricane." And so on. Despite this, most of the words were surprisingly clear. William Neill made a first-rate Jimmy Mahoney, the free, frank, vigorous, life-asserting, romantic, unsentimental hero. Pamela Hebert perfectly caught the directness—innocence, even—of Jenny, an honest girl who must live in a dishonest world. "Mahagonny," said its creators, is meant to be fun as well as "an experience." It was. —ANDREW PORTER

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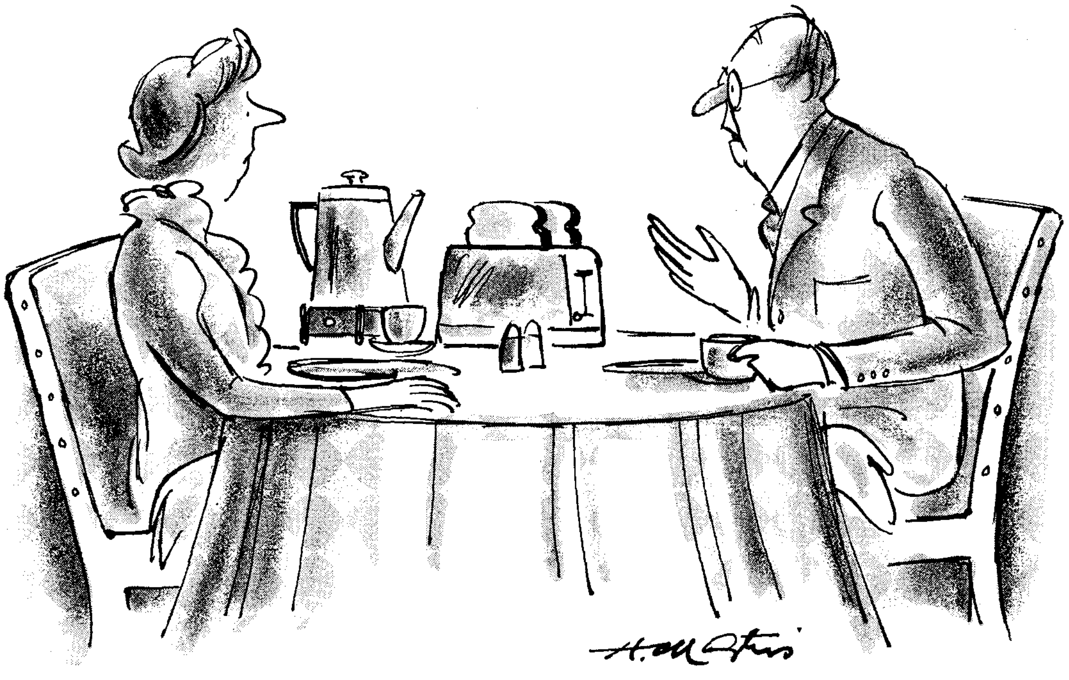
AROUND CITY HALL

TRAVELS

ALMOST any compassionate travel agent would counsel at least a few days of decompression before a tourist returns to his daily office routine after an around-the-world excursion, but John Lindsay, whose imminent political demise is being proclaimed at every public opportunity by his enemies and would-be successors (however nervously they may speculate in private about his chances of pulling out of his current decline), has no time to lose. Not that Lindsay's nineteen-day absence from City Hall, which ended with his arrival at Kennedy Airport one recent Sunday night, was anything but an official working trip, strictly in the interests of the city, as his staff regularly reminded reporters—particularly after the *Post* grumbled in an editorial that the Mayor's "best hope for political survival rests in diligent duty at City Hall, not highly-publicized escapism." Lindsay's primary excuse for the excursion had been an invitation to go to Tokyo for the first Conference of Mayors of the World's Great Cities, which were identified by officials in the Japanese capital, the sponsors of the meeting, as London, Moscow, New York, Paris, and Tokyo. The Japanese government, as Lindsay's office also regularly pointed out, paid his expenses as well as those of his wife, three members of his staff, and his special invited guest, Brooklyn Councilman Thomas Cuite, who runs the City Council with an iron hand and is generally thought to bear some responsibility for the fact that Council attacks on the Mayor rarely go much beyond sputtering rhetoric. (Lindsay's formal report on the meeting declared that "Tom Cuite served with great skill as a Conference spokesman for the City on the subject of pollution control"—to the surprise of many councilmen, who hadn't thought of him as an expert on that topic.) The high-level conference—at which the participants, to no one's surprise, concluded that their problems were remarkably similar—coincided, by prearrangement, with a visit to Tokyo by a delegation of New York businessmen, labor leaders, and city economists, whom the Mayor joined for discussions with Japanese executives to urge upon them the advantages of expanding their commercial alliances with New York. Four hundred Japanese companies now have offices in the city, he noted, compared to a hundred and sixty-three just ten years ago. Similar statistics, intended to prove that he hasn't wrecked the place after all, will no doubt proliferate as the end of his second term grows closer.

Contrary to cynical predictions, Lindsay didn't make the full "three I" tour (Israel-Italy-Ireland) on his way back to New York that many politicians from this ethnically sensitive city consider obligatory on overseas junkets. The members of the local electorate whom he has been most energetically cultivating in recent months are New York's Jewish citizens (according to the American Jewish Committee's 1972 Yearbook, they number 2,381,000—easily enough to make all the difference to the chances of a candidate for any New York City or New York State office), and he skipped Italy and Ireland in favor of a five-day layover in Israel. His ostensible mission there was to discuss New York City's part in the celebration of Israel's twenty-fifth anniversary, coming up this year. No doubt he also hoped that even his bitterest Jewish opponents, in such areas as Forest Hills and Canarsie, and members of the largely Jewish teachers' union, who, like many of the city's other voters, have not yet forgiven him for siding with the blacks in the 1968 school-decentralization crisis, would be duly impressed by cabled accounts of his two-hour lunch with Premier Golda Meir and his lengthy conference with Moshe Dayan. (They discussed Israel's defense problems.) There was also a picture of him being carried on the shoulders of a Chassidic dancer, surrounded by other smiling, bearded Chassidim, whose local adherents are increasingly active in New York City politics, and a report of his visit, in the company of the Mayor of Jerusalem, to that city's John V. Lindsay Park, where he insisted on getting out and photographing it in a rainstorm. "I may never have one of these named after me in New York," he noted.

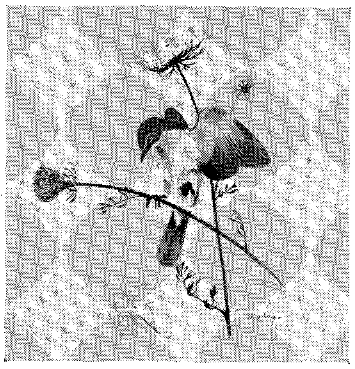
IT was also raining here when Lindsay's plane landed, at the end of his trip. The first question from waiting reporters was whether he planned to hold around-the-clock negotiations on the Long Island Rail Road strike, as he had during the city's subway strike, seven years ago. The Long Island was a state operation, he reminded them. ("You mean Governor Rockefeller hasn't stepped into the picture yet?") To the now standard question of whether he had made up his mind about running for a third term as mayor, he gave the standard shrug, not wasting the line he saves for coast-to-coast television talk shows: "I'll let you know after I consult my wife, my four children—and my three friends." It was just before midnight when his car arrived at Gracie Mansion, but at a quarter to nine the next morning the car was back, to drive him to Flushing, Queens, for the funeral of Fire



"The egg timer is pinging. The toaster is popping. The coffeepot is perking. Is this it, Alice? Is this the great American dream?"

Lieutenant William Seelig, who had died of a heart attack while fighting a Brooklyn fire four days earlier. Two days before the Mayor's departure for Tokyo, the firemen's union, the Uniformed Firefighters Association, had led a giant rally in City Hall Park to protest an order by Lindsay's Fire Commissioner, Robert Lowery, to relocate seven of the city's three hundred and seventy-six fire companies and discontinue six others, dispersing the men assigned to them to other parts of the city. The sites of many of New York's fire houses date back to the early days of the century, when local demography was very different from what it is now, and the Commissioner had acted on the recommendation of a consultant firm, the New York Rand Corporation, which had made an extensive study of the frequency of fires in each district. Although the redeployment of firemen to the areas where the need was greatest seemed to be a clear move in the direction of the improved efficiency, economy, and productivity that critics of the Lindsay administration continually call for, the average fireman is no more enthusiastic than any other citizen over having his place of employment summarily shifted, particularly when the transfer, as was often true in this instance, is to a crowded, relatively crime-ridden neighborhood halfway across town. Arguing that the changes would clearly endanger life and property in the neighborhoods where the fire houses were to be closed (the union president, Michael Maye, called it "municipal manslaughter"), firemen, some of them carrying signs that read "Mayor Lindsay Fiddles While Citizens Burn," stood in supermarkets and other public places in the affected areas gathering signatures against the changes. They also enlisted the support of a number of the sixty-two Community Boards, the advisory groups appointed by the various borough presidents to represent separate neighborhoods before city bodies, whose members have in many cases embraced the increasingly popular local philosophy that the salvation of the city government lies in decentralization, or "community control," which is often interpreted to mean that each neighborhood should have the right to specify the quantity and quality of the services it receives from City Hall. About six thousand people turned up for the City Hall Park rally, including firemen; community representatives; Democrat-Conservative Mario Biaggi, present member of Congress and prospective mayoral candidate (he arrived in an aged fire pumper that had been fitted out to look like a jail and decorated with a sign that read "Hang John V. Lindsay"); and Reform Democrat Allard Lowenstein, a former congressman and onetime staunch Lindsay ally, who is now apparently on the lookout for a new constituency. During Lindsay's absence, the Fire Commissioner's order to transfer the men in the thirteen fire companies had taken effect, but community protests had not subsided, so no one was surprised when, a few hours after the Mayor's arrival in New York, he turned up at the funeral of Lieutenant Seelig.

Back at his City Hall desk, Lindsay spent much of the day being briefed on what had happened while he was away. The general crime rate had continued to decrease; on the other hand, the number of local murders promised to reach a new high of fifteen hundred for 1972. The welfare rolls were down by more than six thousand in the most recent month for which figures were available, reversing the pattern of successive monthly rises that had been going on for most of his seven years in office, but the total number of New Yorkers dependent on welfare was still over a million and a quarter, at least half of them children. An unqualified piece of good news concerned the recent sale of a two-hundred-and-ninety-four-million-dollar city bond issue at the lowest average rate of interest—4.98 per cent—in four years. (A week later, responding to this vote of confidence, Moody's Investor Service gave the city back the A rating that it had lost seven years ago.) Lindsay also caught up on the latest developments in the 1973 mayoral contest. In November, two candidates had formally declared themselves for the Democratic nomination: Albert Blumenthal, deputy minority leader of the State Assembly, and Robert Postel, Manhattan councilman-at-large. The day before Lindsay's return, City Council President Sanford Garelik told a television panel that he planned to announce his candidacy shortly. Biaggi had been quoted as saying that he would declare his candidacy when his campaign chest for the primary reached a million dollars. So far, Lindsay learned, nothing had been heard officially from Comptroller Abraham Beame, whom he defeated in the 1965 mayoral campaign, and who, in this hot-stove-league phase of the 1973 race, is often referred to as the man most likely to be elected next November. Beame was widely assumed to be the politician whom Meade Esposito, the Democrat-



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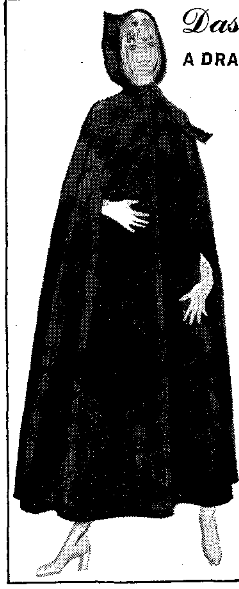

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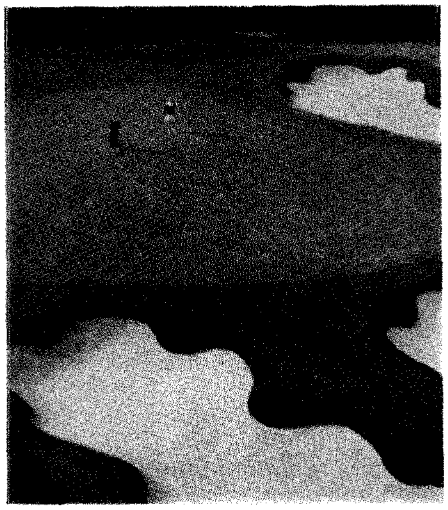

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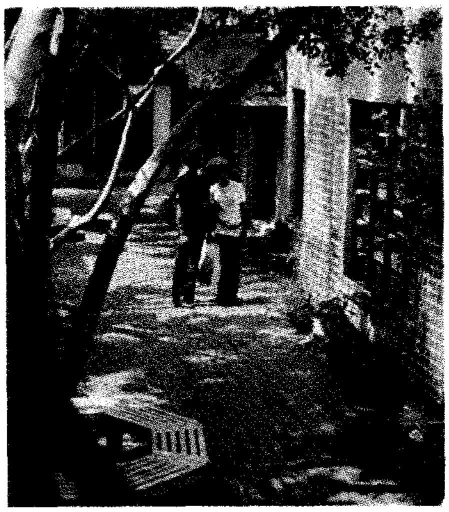

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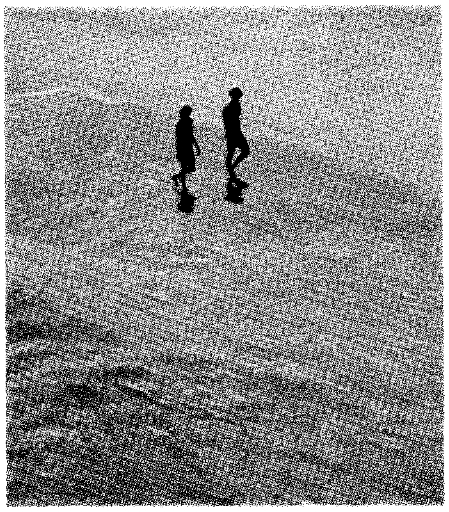

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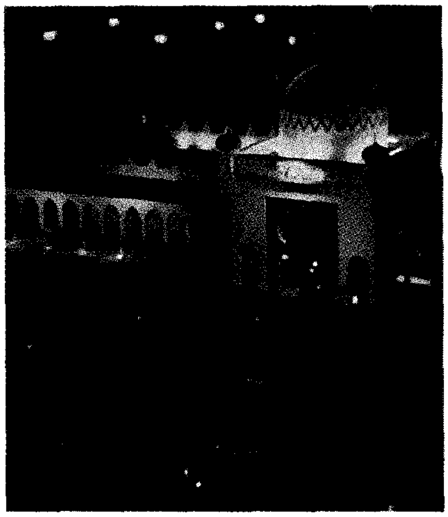

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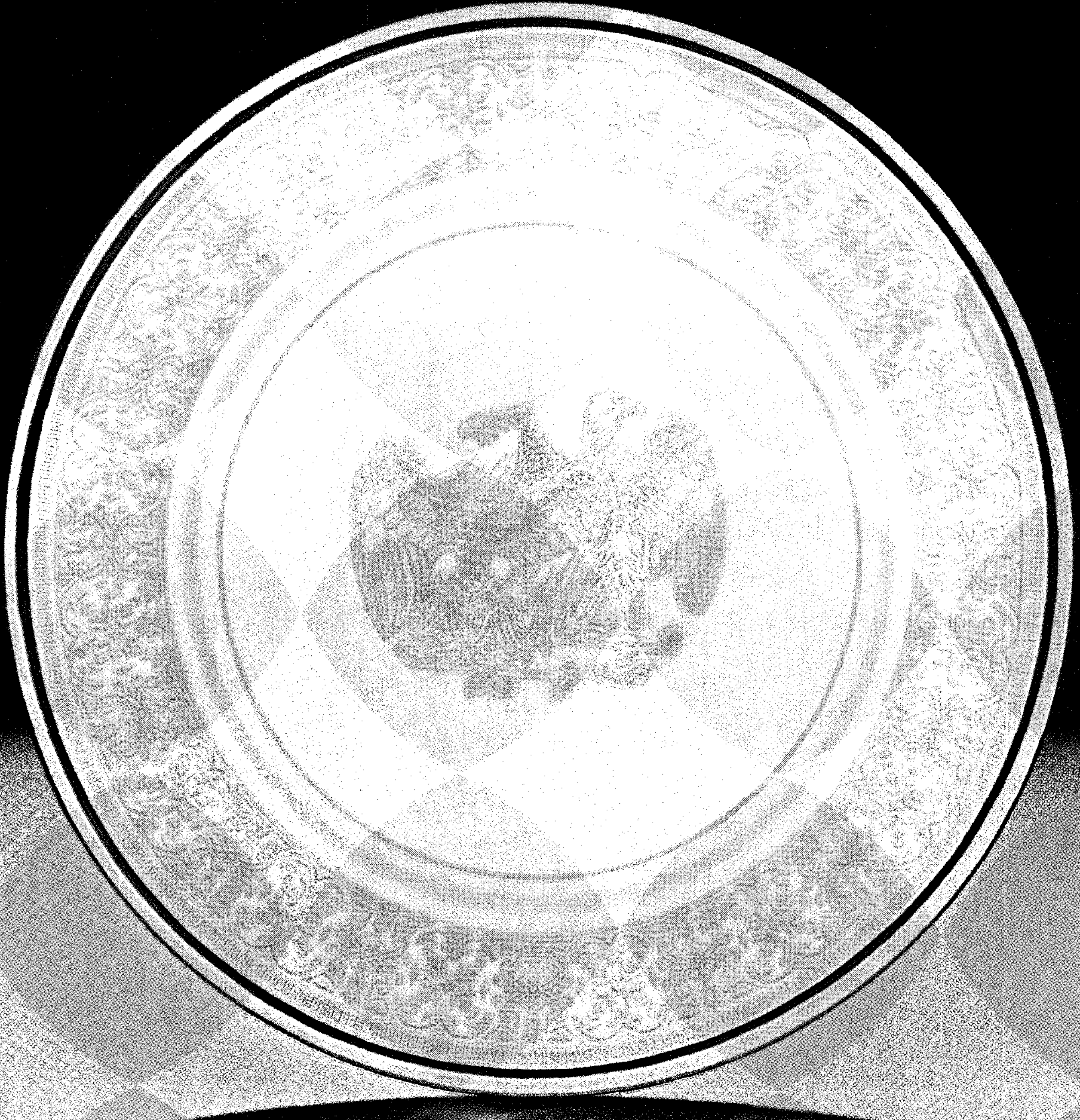

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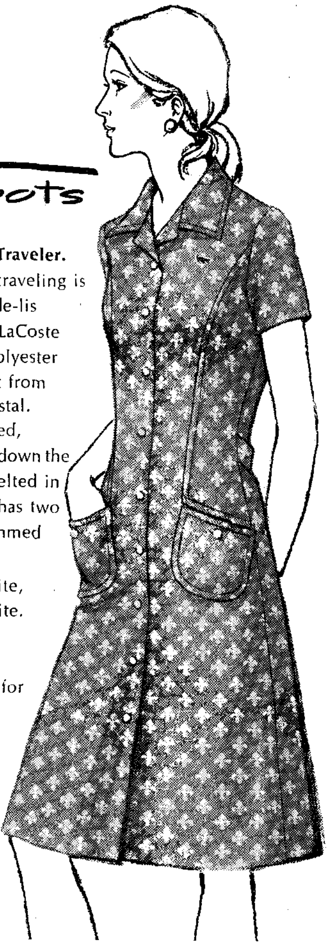
ic county leader of Brooklyn, which is Beame's borough, had in mind when he proposed, early last summer, that in the interests of municipal harmony the next mayor might well be a fusion candidate, agreed upon ahead of time by the leaders of both major parties. Esposito's suggestion immediately received the tentative endorsement of Nelson Rockefeller, who was obviously taken with a scheme that would give his party an equal say on who would be the next mayor of a city in which the Republican registration is 563,374 to 2,084,606 for the Democrats. "Whatever fossil results from the coupling of these two dinosaurs, Albany's Tyrannosaurus rex and the Brooklyn machine's Brontosaurus, it is certain to be of no help to the city" was the comment by a spokesman for Lindsay, whose possible third-term candidacy was generally believed to be the main target of the proposed Esposito-Rockefeller collaboration.

Also understandably cool to the fusion proposal were the half-dozen potential mayoral candidates of the Reform Democrat persuasion, including Lindsay's Environmental Protection Administrator, Jerome Kretchmer, who called it "an interesting swindle." Lindsay now learned that during his absence Kretchmer had not publicly denied published rumors that he might resign in order to spend his full time running for mayor. It was still raining on the Mayor's first day back at City Hall, but the weather forecast had mentioned the possibility of snow, and in the corridors outside Lindsay's office jokers were insisting that Jerry Kretchmer had been seen executing a snow dance in City Hall Park. The jurisdiction of the Environmental Protection Administration includes the Sanitation Department, which is responsible for snow removal. There hadn't been a substantial local snowfall since New Year's Day, 1971, and the spectacle of the ebullient Kretchmer coping around the clock with one of the big snows that, when they do come, half paralyze the city and dominate New Yorkers' attention (and the local front pages) for days at a time would obviously provide a dramatic sendoff for that particular candidate's mayoral race. (If the customers aren't satisfied on such occasions, of course, the political results can be a different matter. After nearly four years, it is a rare public meeting in Queens at which Lindsay's name is mentioned without some reference to the legendary snowfall of February, 1969, and the delay in clearing that borough's side streets. The Queens Democratic leader, Matthew Troy, didn't have to provide a footnote when, a few weeks ago, he derided the "Abominable Snowman's" chances for reëlection.) Bets were now being taken around City Hall on whether, if it did snow, Kretchmer, in his new role as a probable candidate for mayor, would repeat his complaint of last spring that many local community leaders were unreasonable in the services they demanded of the city. From now on, he had said, New York ought to follow the sensible snow-removal tactics of such other large American cities as Chicago and Boston: clean off the main arteries, plow the side streets once for emergency vehicles, and thereafter simply wait for the snow to melt, reserving for the fight against crime, narcotics, and other really significant city problems the extra city funds, which, Kretchmer had noted, could be considerable. Cleaning up after the big 1969 snowstorm cost the city nine million dollars, and the bill for a mere three-inch snowfall last February came to seven hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars.

OTHER members of Lindsay's administration were making different kinds of news on his first morning back. Andrew Kerr, the new head of the Housing and Development Administration, which is one of the city's eight superagencies, had announced "major top-level staffing changes," including a number of resignations and the appointment of a new inspector general to "root out corruption," although Lindsay's general position had been that any implication of widespread inefficiency or graft in the agency must be politically motivated. (Garelik immediately called the changes "merely further evidence of the cesspool of half truth and mismanagement that have characterized that superagency from the beginning.") Eleanor Holmes Norton, the head of the city's Commission on Human Rights, had just issued a report describing a "dangerous pattern" of vandalism against blacks and Puerto Ricans who had bought houses in white neighborhoods, particularly in Queens—attacks that the police, according to the report, had often failed to follow up with sufficient zeal. On the school front, there was one piece of good news: the boycott in District 4, in East Harlem, which had kept about half of the district's schools closed for two weeks, had ended that morning. The reason for the boycott—called by the local Community School Board, which was elected under the school-decentralization program—was inadequate fund-



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ing by the central Board of Education. The *News*, however, pointed out that District 4 already had the highest per-student annual allotment ($1,053) of any neighborhood in the city. The morning the East Harlem boycott ended, another, also charging inadequate funds, was launched—this one by the Community School Board in District 23, which covers the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. One of the Brownsville district's special problems was that last year its Community School Board overspent its allotted funds by eight hundred thousand dollars, which would presumably have to be paid back to the central Board without impairing the education of the children in the district's schools, who already have the lowest reading scores in the city. Meanwhile, on the second floor in City Hall's west wing, the City Planning Commission was holding the first of three public hearings on the record two-billion-six-hundred-million-dollar construction budget it had submitted to the Mayor two weeks earlier. As usual, the first two days were reserved for public testimony on the need for new schools—sessions that in the past had almost always been bitter and lengthy, often lasting until midnight. Across the hall, in the east wing, members of the City Council's Civil Service and Labor Committee were holding a hearing on the Health Services Administration's unusually large percentage of non-Civil Service employees, many of whom they suspected of being on Lindsay's patronage list. Attendance at the latter hearing was light, however, and the questions were desultory. Most councilmen were preoccupied with the details of the new councilmanic districts, which were in the process of being drawn to provide for an additional six seats. The expansion was intended to insure greater minority representation on the Council (only two of the present thirty-seven councilmen are black, and there are no Puerto Rican councilmen), but some of the incumbents were not at all happy about the shift in their constituencies. "We need six more seats like Sadat needs a B'nai B'rith," was the comment of one Staten Island councilman.

BACK at City Hall the next morning—the Mayor arrived late, having driven out to Flatbush to attend the funeral of another fireman, who had died of injuries suffered in a fire the previous September—Lindsay was presumably not depressed to learn that, as the result of a mixup, a ninety-seven-million-dollar check that the state had received from the federal government

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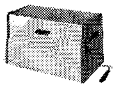

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under its revenue-sharing program had not got to the bank before it closed the day before, thus losing thirteen thousand six hundred dollars in interest for the state, whose officials, he has been known to complain, often seem to take special delight in calling attention to any financial boners on the city's part. (The city's revenue-sharing check, for a hundred and one million dollars, all of it already borrowed against in the current expense budget, had begun drawing interest within an hour after it arrived.) Upstairs, at the City Planning Commission's hearing on the city's next construction budget, there had been an unexpected development: that day, as on the day before, only a comparative handful of citizens had turned up to demand new schools for their districts. "I just can't believe it," Commissioner Gerald Coleman said when he asked if anyone else wanted to speak and there was no response in the nearly empty room. One thing had apparently been decided about the grim problems of the city's schools: large numbers of citizens had concluded that shiny new buildings were not the answer. That same morning, Albert Shanker, the president of the United Federation of Teachers, announced his solution: use forty million dollars of the revenue-sharing funds to hire more teachers, and since it was an emergency, he didn't want to hear anything about the money's having already been spent. "Were thirty inches of snow to fall on New York City tonight, funds would somehow be found to remove that snow," he said.

Early in the evening, using a pair of enormous wooden scissors, the Mayor cut a ribbon signalling the opening of the National Theatre, at 1500 Broadway—the first new major motion-picture theatre to be built in the city in thirty-five years. Later, he attended a benefit for the Brooklyn Academy of Music—a variety show featuring Sam Levenson, Woody Allen, and other entertainers. Appearing on the stage at the end, Lindsay told one of the raunchy jokes for which he is famous. ("After following these great performers, I feel like Zsa Zsa Gabor's fifth husband. I know how to do it, but I don't know how to make it interesting.") Back at Gracie Mansion about midnight, he read in the early edition of the next day's *Times* that Rockefeller, in an interview with Frank Lynn, had now rejected the notion of a fusion candidate for mayor as "virtually impossible." The Governor deplored the "scandal, waste, inefficiency, and corruption" in the Lindsay administration and assumed that Lindsay would not be run-

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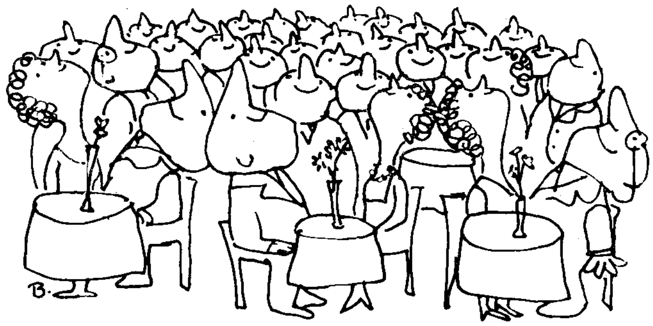

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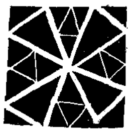
ning again. A little over two hours later, a press release labelled "Statement by a Spokesman for the Mayor" reached local city desks. The Governor's retreat from his "bogus fusion proposal" was described as "an example of gracelessness under pressure." The spokesman also suggested that Rockefeller show his concern for the city by resolving the Long Island Rail Road strike, and accused him of scheming for more patronage and of "vengeful partisanship."

THE next afternoon, the City Council unanimously passed a bill requiring that, no matter where they live, all city employees hired after January 1, 1973, must pay the city's full income tax, which runs between four and eight times that paid by ordinary commuters. Lindsay announced that he would sign the bill, because it would encourage civil servants to "know firsthand the communities that they are sworn to serve," while Mario Merola, the Council's Finance Committee chairman, insisted that it would protect the suburban workers from themselves, saying, "If the city goes down, they go down." Merola estimated that thirty per cent of city workers now live outside the city. The loudest protests would undoubtedly come from the police and the firemen, over half of whom are reported to live in the suburbs. The conviction of out-of-towners that the city isn't fit to live in was supported that very afternoon by Lewis Mumford, who, in town to accept the National Medal for Literature of the National Book Committee, described New York as a "horror" and a "monstrosity." (The *Times* pointed out that he had lived in Dutchess County for the past forty years.) Not all venerable artists are of this mind, however. One of Lindsay's formal stops the next afternoon was at the southeast entrance to Central Park, to see the twenty-two-and-a-half-foot-high abstract sculpture of rust-colored Corten steel, said to be worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, that the seventy-three-year-old sculptor Louise Nevelson had presented to New York earlier in the day as "a Christmas gift to this wonderful city, where I have lived and worked and created for fifty years." Back at City Hall, the third day of budget hearings was turning out to be far different from the first two days, as throngs of speakers, many of them angry or tearful, described the need for additional parks, museums, libraries, or hospital facilities for their neighborhoods. Some were clearly not able to understand why their pleas didn't bring promises of immediate city action. One speaker demanded that a twenty-four-million-dollar dormitory be built for two hundred nursing students; City Planning Commission Chairman Donald Elliott pointed out that the cost of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a room would be prohibitive, and the response was "Don't talk to me about money! Just build it!" At another point in the hearing, which went on for twelve hours, a speaker began, "As everyone knows, Staten Island is turning into one enormous cesspool." The commissioners, inured to city rhetoric, braced themselves for a diatribe on civic corruption or the dumping of welfare families, and then discovered that the complaint was in fact about unregulated cesspools.

Meanwhile, the Mayor was spending the morning at a Brooklyn station house having his picture taken as he watched members of an anti-crime unit demonstrate anti-mugging techniques. If he had had any thought of softening up some of his voting opposition by adopting the role of the policemen's friend and trusty helper, he had picked a bad day for it. Another police story monopolized the headlines—the disappearance of perhaps twelve million dollars' worth of heroin captured in the "French Connection" case—and it appeared that the major criminals would turn out to be the police themselves. After conferring with Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy on that crisis, Lindsay flew to Albany late in the afternoon to attend a testimonial dinner honoring the retiring majority leader of the State Senate, Earl Brydges. Rockefeller was there, and while other politicians circled them warily the vengeful partisan and the scandalous, wasteful administrator had a brief but apparently cordial chat. The Governor was the first speaker at the testimonial dinner, and he left immediately after giving his talk. Lindsay spoke seventh. He made a big hit repeating the Zsa Zsa joke, described Brydges, who has been no admirer of his, as "a man with whom you know where you stand," and, by remaining through all fifteen speeches, was said to have received a slightly improved rating from some state legislators whose help he will badly need in getting the city's expense budget through the Legislature this spring, no matter what happens later in the primaries. Ninety-six hours after the end of his around-the-world trip, he was again back at Gracie Mansion by midnight, getting ready for the next day's diligent duties.



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BOOKS

The Second Lady Chatterley

WHEN a writer faces death with forewarning at the height of his powers, what will he elect to do with the time that is left to him? Most probably he will try to leave posterity a posthumous message—a sort of Rosetta Stone of himself—by concentrating all the tendencies of his work in a final statement. If he is a novelist of character and situation, he may attempt his subtlest and most universal compression and summation of the life he writes about, and, through a combination of overambition and physical weakness, he may fail. If he is a social or political moralist—one could say a tractarian novelist—he may try to write his most telling tract.

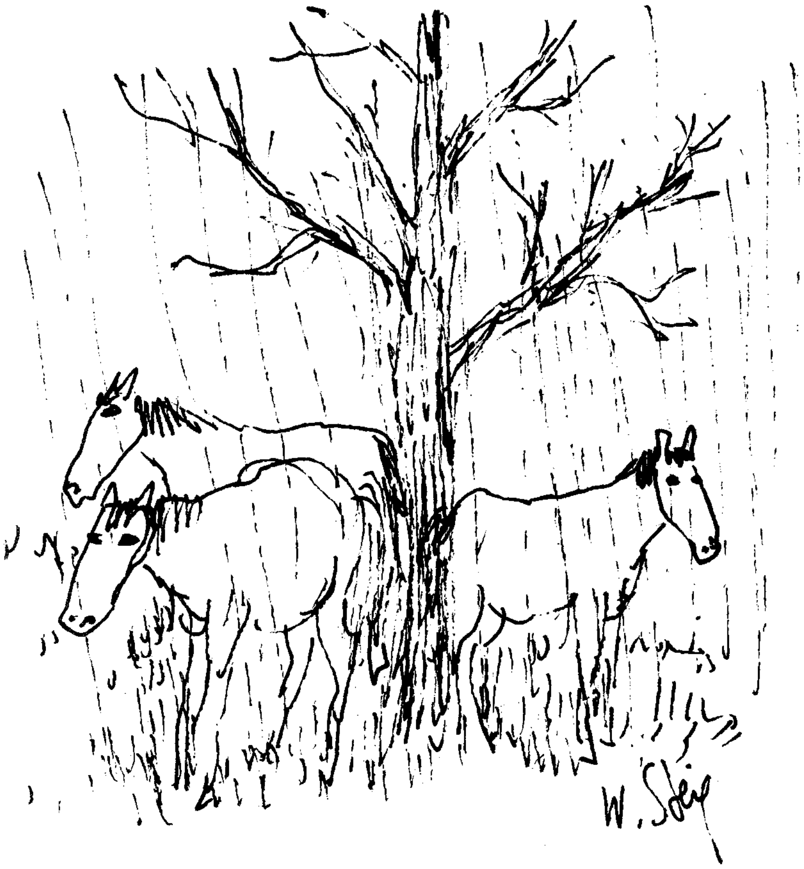
This tendency is visible in "1984," in which the dying Orwell appears quite consciously to sacrifice the lives of his characters—their dimension and credibility in the reader's mind—for the life of his warning against totalitarianism. There can be no doubt that the warning lives on: the terrible ingenuity of the state he invented still burns coldly from every page, long after we have forgotten the pitiable beginnings of Winston's and Julia's affair. And Lawrence's last novel, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," is, not only for its wars with the censors, one of the tracts of the century, though its characterizations—particularly of Mellors, the gamekeeper—are increasingly unsatisfactory.

We can rarely know, except by hearsay, the state of a writer's mind just before his death. But for Lawrence there is documentary evidence of his terminal obsession with "Lady Chatterley"—hard evidence, in the form of three separate (and quite different) versions of the book. The second of these, "John Thomas and Lady Jane," has recently been published by Viking, and it is as fascinating for what it tells of Lawrence's last years as for its own considerable virtues as an independent novel.

"John Thomas and Lady Jane," written in Italy early in 1927, just before "Lady Chatterley" itself, is, we may assume, the full-blown novel implicit in the shorter first version. But it is not a full-blown tract on the inequities of English sexuality; its characters are too resistant, because too individuated and, literally, peculiar to become mere bearers of message. And this, I think, was what spurred Lawrence to leave "John Thomas" aside, in a rather rambling and unedited form, and write his final, white-hot didactic statement. Unfortunately for "Chatterley," that statement—partly, to be sure, because of the liberalizing influence of the book itself—is nowadays taken for granted, and the work must be judged as novel *qua* novel. It is not enough. All the characters are flattened or distorted to bear the weight of their voice in the sermon. Clifford Chatterley becomes a selfish, monstrous symbol of impotent imperialist business ethics. Connie Chatterley almost becomes—though she is the livest person in the final draft—a stereotypical woman of the twenties, avid for pleasure, reckless of the sequel. Ivy Bolton, Clifford's upright middle-aged nurse, becomes, uncharacteristically, a sort of serpent within the family bosom, revelling secretly in Clifford's cuckolding and in her own ambiguous power over him. And Mellors becomes more—and less—than a stolid Derby gamekeeper: he is jumped up into a Sheffield Grammar School scholar, an officer in the war, a quasi-intellectual who can argue his cases with nearly the force of a Lawrence. At the same time, and oddly indeed, he becomes a sanctimonious prig.

It seems likely, then, that Lawrence overreached himself in his last attempt to make himself plain to the world he was leaving. How much better did he fare, under somewhat less compulsion, in the second attempt? On the whole, I think, a good deal better as a novelist. "John Thomas" is certainly not among his two or three finest novels, but it is a genuine novel—one that coheres around its own quite plausible structure. Like much of Lawrence's best work, it contains long passages of great evocative power, several of which do not recur in "Chatterley;" more, its characters live as people, not as the word made flesh. Clifford, in "John Thomas," can be hateful because he is at first vulnerable. Connie, drawn slowly into the affair with the gamekeeper, and without the hard encounter with the playwright Michaelis that darkens and distorts her character in "Chatterley," is a fragile and believable woman. Mrs. Bolton, torn much more subtly between her allegiance to her people—the miners—and to Clifford, her employer, is in "John Thomas" one of the remarkable supporting characters of English fiction. And Parkin—the gamekeeper's name here—is decidedly lower-class, decidedly well cast to assume the inarticulate pride and hardship of his kind in that era.

The whole pace, in fact, of the second version is more leisured



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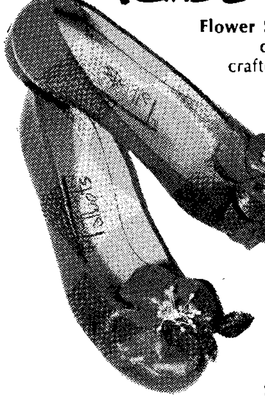

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than that of the third. In "Lady Chatterley," Lawrence was not only writing even more desperately but, oddly, writing more especially of his particular time: just as Michaelis, the Irish interloper who has made a fortune with his plays in hated America, is a twenties figure, so Venice, where Connie takes her holiday from Clifford, is a twenties place; in "John Thomas" she goes to a villa on the Spanish-French frontier. This timeliness and terseness has some rewards; when we compare one of the best set pieces in the two versions—the silent scene when Parkin/Mellors, standing at dawn before Clifford's house, is watched only by the wakeful Mrs. Bolton, who suddenly realizes that he is Connie's lover—we find the "Chatterley" passage more polished, more persuasive.

But in sum the honors belong to the earlier book. Given the self-editing "Chatterley" obviously had, "John Thomas" is more than its equal in technique, simply because it is conceived and executed as more of a novel, less of an importunity. And it is—finally, and on its own—a novel very much worth reading today. Loading its characters less heavily than "Chatterley" with allegorical resonance, it seems more faithful to those characters and their sufficiently unhappy and indicting lives. Wragby, the Chatterleys' seat, and the surrounding wastes of the Midlands glow with a dark, Dickensian power of industrial corruption. Parkin—silent, ruddy, colored like a fox or a fox's earth—embodies the manliness and beastliness of the old England; like the fox, like the tied-cottage tenant farmer, then as now, he is a wild creature who is superfluous, irrelevant, unclassifiable, and therefore to be badly used. "Chatterley" ends with a clash between Connie and Clifford, in which she reveals her pregnancy by Mellors, that is flat and melodramatic after what has gone before. "John Thomas" drifts off into the future indefinite, so to speak, after Connie has decided to leave Clifford without telling him of her affair, and after Parkin has lost his keeper's job by reason of a scandal involving his estranged wife. It all seems much more intuitive about the consequences of a mixed-class liaison in the England of the twenties: Connie writhing with discomfort in the house of Parkin's wartime pal, with whom he is staying as he begins his new job, in a steel works; the pathetic, semi-literate letters Parkin writes her; the painful last scene, in which he and Connie walk the ugly Sunday streets of Hucknall, dominated by miners and girls in their Sunday

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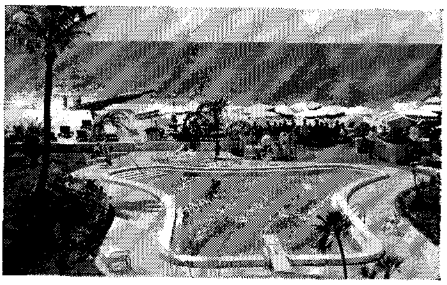

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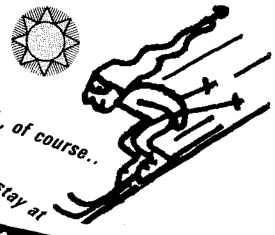

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finery, and go to earth for a last embrace in a private park, where, ironically, they are warned off by a keeper.

Because it is less concerned to make one final point, and less buttonholing of the reader, "John Thomas and Lady Jane" succeeds in telling more about a time and place, and in a more interesting way, than the final version of the book. "NO REDUCTION IN WAGES/ THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH," says a Sheffield chapel sign in one of the last chapters. "There it was, the Midlands in one breath," says Lawrence. And there, in "John Thomas," it still is.

—L. E. Sissman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Lives of Girls and Women, by Alice Munro (McGraw-Hill). Mrs. Munro's first novel is set in the small Canadian town of Jubilee, and tells the story of Del Jordan—of what happened to her from about the age of three to about the age of eighteen. Del, a singularly independent girl who has a good brain and tireless curiosity, tells her story in the first person in a casual manner that does not in the least conceal the pleasure and excitement she finds in the world around her and in the people who fill her own special world. The straggling town of Jubilee becomes almost immediately familiar to us, and some of the characters—in particular, Del's mother and a philosophically amorous lady named Fern Dogherty—are given to us full size and with a touch of pity that makes them very real.

GENERAL

For the President, Personal and Secret: Correspondence Between Franklin D. Roosevelt and William C. Bullitt, edited by Orville H. Bullitt (Houghton Mifflin). The late William C. Bullitt, our first Ambassador to the Soviet Union and our last Ambassador to prewar France, was probably as gifted a man as any of his contemporaries or predecessors in American diplomacy. From childhood, he knew Europe and its most important languages. The sureness of his political instincts and analyses was immediately recognized by Franklin D. Roosevelt, who came to know him while campaigning for the Presidency in 1932. The present volume, put together by Bullitt's brother, consists mostly of letters and memoranda sent by Bullitt to

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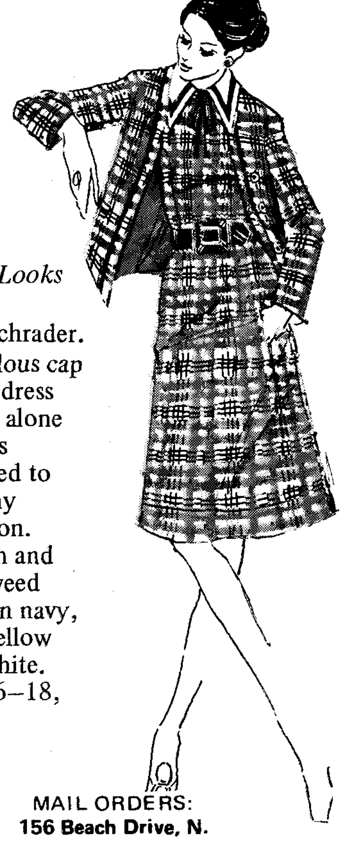

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Roosevelt. These are extremely long, for the most part; written with verve; and full of shrewd observations of men and events. They make engrossing reading for anyone interested in the period or in the people involved, and no doubt from time to time they gave personal pleasure to the President, who answered in a few appreciative words but seldom commented on their content, doubtless because to have done so would have taken more of his time than practically any other task required by his office. Moreover, Bullitt was incessantly didactic, and almost every letter suggested *Presidential* initiatives that left out of account the dozens of equally pressing domestic and foreign matters that Roosevelt had to contend with. Still, the book is as fascinating for the layman as any done by the several other American diplomats whose reminiscences or letters have recently been published—and this puts it in very elegant company, for in just the last decade we have had splendid ones by George Kennan, John Bartlow Martin, and John Kenneth Galbraith.

THE ONLY WAY TO CROSS, by John Maxtone-Graham (Macmillan). This is a well-organized and well-written history of the heyday of the great transatlantic express ships, from 1907, when Cunard's Mauretania was launched, down to the present day of the France and the Queen Elizabeth 2. Mr. Maxtone-Graham describes the refinements of naval design, the not always refined sumptuousness of first class, and steerage, too: though travelling notabilities made ship-news headlines, immigrants made shipowners' profits. The author recalls both frivolity and disaster, and makes both vivid, because his book is not so much nostalgic as truth-telling. He informs us early that the shipboard seeing-off party originated as a kind of precautionary wake, and he never lets us forget that the North Atlantic is "the most dangerous ocean in the world."

•

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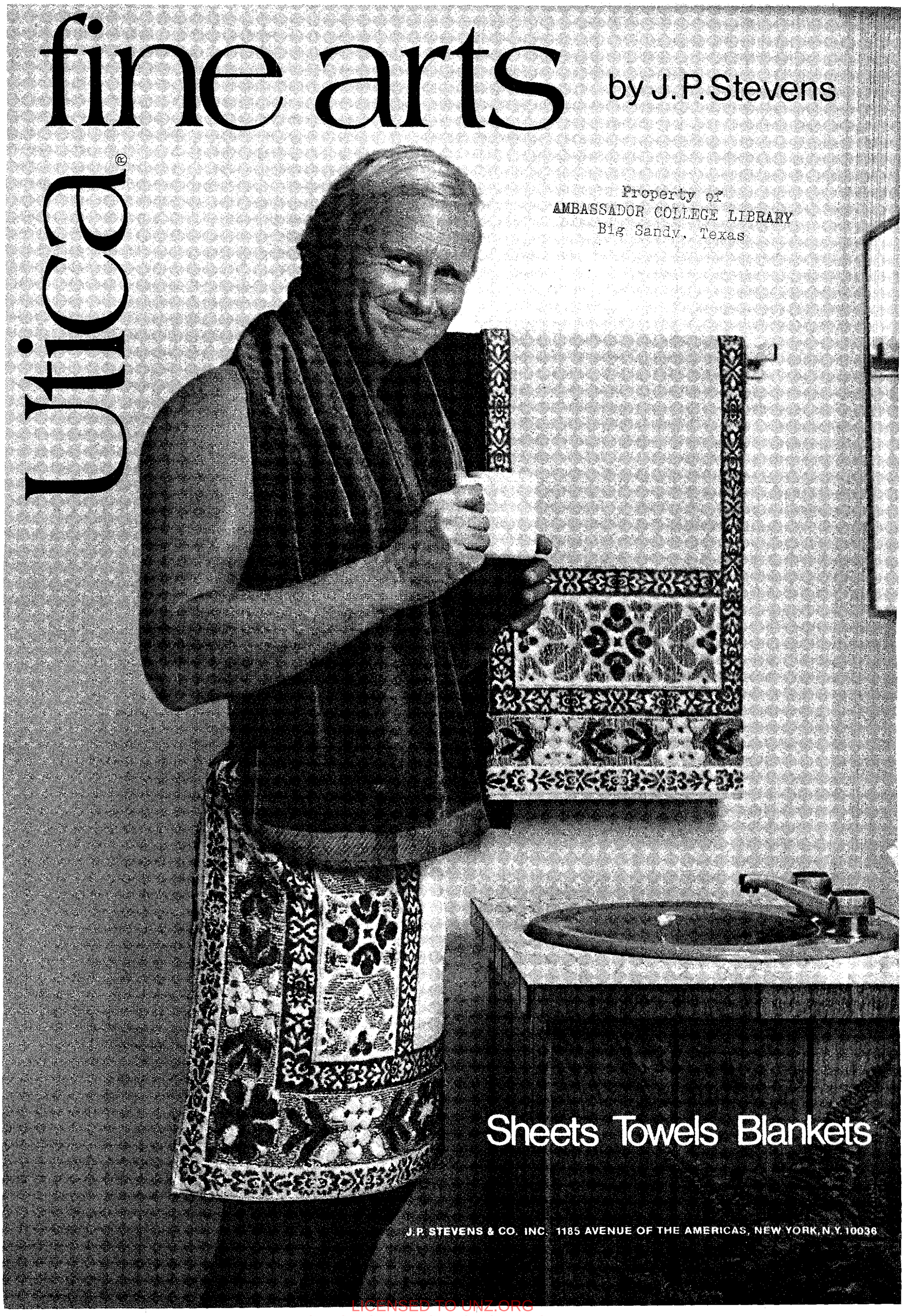
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